Leatherneck

MARINES

A 5-49X

MR JOSEPH P GRESKA F' 14 APSIEY ST HUDSON, MASS.

GAMOR



Jap Extermination — Marshalls

By Donald L. Dickson

Now available —
A limited quantity of
prints by famous Marine Corps
Combat Artists.

These 12½"x17" full-color reproductions, in sets of eight, suitable for framing, may be obtained by filling in and mailing the coupon on this page.

Leatherneck Maga	zine—P. O. Box 1918—Washington, D. C.
Please sendse	ets of full-color prints at \$2.00 per set to:
Name	Street & No.
City, Zone & State	
I am enclosing \$	

IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES	GE
Invasion Of Vieques	7
Never The Twain	11
Shoulder Arms	12
Canadian Cadre	21
Honorable Desertion	22
Golden Boys	24
Sea School	26
Around The House	32
Windows Of The Marines	34
Manila	36
Lucy Brewer Exposed	39
Enlisted Club	46
Press Show	53
POSTS OF THE CORPS	
Panama	42
SPORTS	
Mid-season Preview	15
All-Navy Boxing	30
Welter Wade	61
	01
FICTION	
Voodoo In Section 8	18
DEPARTMENTS	
Sound Off	1
Bulletin Board	5
Great Dates Of The Marine Corps	17
We - The Marines	48
Gyrene Gyngles	57
Books Reviewed	62

THE LEATHERNECK, AUGUST, 1948

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 8

Published monthly and copyright, 1948, by The Leatherneck Association, Inc., Headquarters Marine Corps, P. O. Box 1918, Washington, D. C. All rights reserved. Stories, features, pictures and other material from THE LEATHERNECK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Additional entry at Silver Spring, Md. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1130, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to national advertising representative: O'Mara and Ormsbee, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., 640 New Center Bldg., Detroit, Alich.; Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.; 403 W. Eighth St., Los Ángeles, Calif. The opinions of authors whose articles appear in THE LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER Major Robert A. Campbell; GENERAL MANAGER: Captain James F. McInteer, Jr.; MANAGING EDITOR: Karl Schuon; PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert N. Davis; PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR: Louis Lowery; SPORTS EDITOR: Sgt. Spencer Gartz; BUSINESS MANAGER: Lieutenant William F. Koehnlein; CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Joseph A. Bigelow; ASSISTANT EDITOR: Sgt. Harry Polete; STAFF WRITERS: Sgts. Lindley Allen, Edward J. Evans and Nolle Roberts, Corps. Wm. Milhon and Paul Hicks, Jr. and PFC Billie Dodson.

SOUND OFF

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

THE CHAPLAINS' CORPS

Sies.

Your article on the Navy Chaplain Corps in the April issue was well done and we in the Corps appreciate it.

We feel confident the failure to give a credit line to the Official Navy Chaplain Corps History, written by Chaplain Clifford M. Drury, USNR, was an oversight on your part. As you know, we had given access to the then unpublished manuscript of this work to your writers; and use was made of some of the material used in your article.

Some of the statements in your article concerning Chaplain Robert D. Workman, retired former Chief of Chaplains, were not from the Corps history, and are in error.

Chaplain Workman, an ordained clergyman of the Presbyterian, USA denomination, was retired as a Rear Admiral in 1947, after completing 32 years of continuous active duty as a Chaplain. He was appointed Director of the Chaplains' Division in June, 1937, and served in this capacity until June, 1945. In the Spring of 1945, the office of Director was raised to that of a Rear Admiral, and Chaplain Workman was thus the first Chaplain in the Navy to hold this rank while on active duty.

Honorably discharged from the Marine Corps as a sergeant in 1909, he completed his theological education and was appointed to the Naval Chaplaincy in 1915. The Chaplain School at William and Mary, during World War II, was organized under his administration as Chief of the Corps; but he never served as its commanding officer, nor was he recalled to duty for this purpose, as your article indicated.

Captain J. F. Hughes, ChC., USN Washington, D. C.

ENIWETOK REUNION

Sirs:

The second annual reunion of Eniwetok veterans is coming up and we would like very much to have you print a notice in a forthcoming issue of the Leatherneck.

Twenty-second Marine veterans of the Eniwetok campaign will hold their reunion with the second annual nation-wide reunion of Eniwetok veterans at Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, on August 8, 9 and 10. There will be a special program for wives. For more information write Nat'l. Eniwetok Vets Assoc. Hdqtrs. Box 132, Emporia, Kan.

Lewis Bacon, President

Emporia, Kan.



N article entitled "Posts Of The Corps-Keyport" which appeared in the May, 1948, Leatherneck contained the following paragraph:

"Keyport Marines claim to have one of the toughest posts in the country—Post No. 4, a fence patrol running around one of the most desolate sections of the preserve and cutting through a mile or so of jungle-like terrain. Assignment to Post No. 4 has become a favorite disciplinary measure with commanding officers of the station. Marines who draw this duty for a 14 or 30 day tour sadly remark that they have been banished to the 'salt mines.'"

Since publication of this article the editors have been informed that "Post No. 4" has never been used as a disciplinary measure, and that no "jungle-like terrain" is in evidence on this particular post.

PEIPING'S MAXIE

Sirs:

Readers who were interested in my story about Maxie of the Peiping rifle range, which appeared in the February issue may be interested in a little post script to that story.

Maxie was present in the American Barracks compound in Peiping when a Fifth Marine color guard lowered the Stars and Stripes for the last time. He stood proudly in respect for the flag of his Marine friends, but there was a look of sadness on his face.

When the ceremonies were over I asked Maxie what he planned to do next. He reported that he had been offered a job working for the American Consulate and probably today is still happily working for Americans in Peiping. "I'm more American than Chinese now," he said.

When the Fifth Marines pulled out of Peiping, the range was turned over to Maxie, although he could not be given the land. Sirce there was no further use for any of the equipment there, it was presented to Maxie for all his years of faithful service. Because of the shortage of materials in North China, Maxie was probably able to realize a good size pile of CNC (Chinese Nationalist Currency) for the equipment at the range.

Dick Hodgson, Associate Editor Tide Magazine

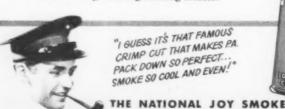
Chicago, Ill.



Means Pipe Appeal

means Prince Albert

Prince Albert is tongue-easy-specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Rich tasting, cool, and mild, P.A. gives you real smoking joy and comfort. No wonder Prince Albert is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!



SPANKING FROM LEJEUNE

Sirs:

Having just finished reading the March issue of Leatherneck a few buddies and myself decided we'd drop you a line about your statement of Stateside duty being the best.

We've all had our 24 month's overseas and seen both good and bad duty, as you put it. All of us have 18 months duty in China and six months on Guam, but we agree that we would prefer to go back to China and finish out our hitch there, rather than here. So maybe you should speak for yourself.

Signed by 11 Marines

Camp LeJeune, N. C.

• Anyone like to trade?-Ed.

ATTENTION-MARINE WIVES

Greetings to the wives of all Marines, from the NAVY WIVES CLUBS OF AMERICA, INC.

I know this column is usually devoted to your husbands, but I would like to take this opportunity to "Sound Off" to the wives, if I may.

If you are not a member of the NWCA you are missing a good part of your career in the Marines, and it is your career as much as your husbands, so why not enjoy it? I would like to tell you a little bit about our organization, and invite you to join.

The NAVY WIVES CLUB OF AMER-ICA, INC., were first organized in 1936, and since that time over 90 clubs have been chartered within the United States, and outlying bases. The wives of Marine, Navy, Coast Guard and Seabees, are eligible for membership, or to start a new club, and receive their charter from the national organization.

The purpose of the NWCA is to promote and encourage a friendly relationship between the wives of the men in the naval services. And to assist, help and encourage each other for purposes of contentment and enlightment, to extend relief to its needy members and others brought to our attention. Many clubs have started nurseries, or arranged "baby sitters" among their members. Social parties are held as well as participating in philanthropic projects of their cities. Many groups have "Navy Wives Auxiliaries," this is the name the men have called themselves and they are always welcome to all social events, and often find themselves getting in on some of the work.

Members of the NWCA are the wives you admire, with the ideals you appreciate and patriotic enough to put their few spare moments to work for worthy causes and worthwhile accomplishments.

The dues are only \$3.30 a year, with \$2.40 staying in your own club. Transfers are available to another club, when orders come to move on.

For, further information write to Mrs. Harvey Wadsworth, 4014 South M Street, Tacoma 10, Washington, or to myself at 536 Acklin Avenue, Toledo 10, Ohio.

Naomi June Kelleher Nat'l Publicity Chairman

Toledo 10, Ohio

FIRST DIVISION

THE First Postwar Reunion of the First Marine Division will be held in Boston on August 7th and 8th. Requests for hotel reservations may be made by writing the Boston Hotel Association, Room Reservations Sections, Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass. For further information write Division Association Headquarters, 61 Billerica St., Boston 14, Mass.



REALLY SOUNDING OFF

Sirs:

Enclosed is a clipping that I think should, be given wide publicity.

We on recruiting duty are doing all that is in our power to pay all the respect due to our honored dead. But how can you do it when you have to run up against such parasitic scum as what Jersey City, N. J., is proud is call its citizens.

MSgt. Robert A. Smith

Paterson, N. J.

Sice

Need more be said?

See and please print the enclosed article.

Mr. & Mrs. F. Nolestine (Formerly USMC and MCWR) Sunneyvale, Calif.

Sire.

What do you think of the enclosed article which appeared in the Pailadelphia Evening Bulletin, April 27, 1948?

Perhaps it would be a good place to have this article appear at all recruiting stations, so future Marines will know what kind of creatures roam the country he is pledging himself to defend.

Marie A. Mooney

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

• The enclosed article mentioned in each of these letters concerned the refusal of the AFL United Funeral Chauffeurs and Helpers Union of Jersey City to allow eight Marines to bear the body of another Marine, killed in action on Iwo Jima, to his final resting place. The union prohibited "amateurs" from handling a coffin, so the Marines stood by while six "\$4-a-job" pall bearers handled the casket.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)



A TASTE WORTHY OF THE FAMOUS NAME

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.



I. GOLDBERG & CO.

Outfitters to Marines for 26 Years

 Complete Stock of Uniforms, Caps and Accessories

Write for FREE Catalog

429 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.



Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. Atdruggists MOTHERSIL'S, 430 Lalysett SL, New York, J. N. V.

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK

IF YOU MOVE



SEND US YOUR NEW ADDRESS



THE MARINES carry on!

BULLETIN BOARD

Weapons qualification and training

Marine Corps Order 217 now supersedes all other regulations previously published governing the firing of small arms for qualification. The personnel required to fire are as specified in Marine Corps Manual, Article 5-28(4), which states that all officers and enlisted men who are 36 years of age or older are at their own option excused from firing the service rifle, carbine, and automatic rifle. For Fleet Marine Force organizations, an ammunition allowance of two units of fire (80 rounds each) for the rifle, caliber .30, M1 and one unit of fire for all other weapons is established for each calendar year. Where additional ammunition is required for training, requests must be submitted to the Commandant of the Marine Corps. Student personnel at organized training commands will fire such courses as required under the program for which separate ammunition allowances have been established. The required individual arms for enlisted men shall be those specified in the Tables of Organization. For activities in which arms are not specified, the required arm shall be according to rank as follows: First three pay grades, carbine; Fourth through seventh pay grades, rifle, caliber .30, Ml. Extra pay and marksmanship badges for qualification in the "A" courses will be authorized in the Marine Corps Manual. Appropriate entries will be made in service record books of any qualification courses, field or familiarization courses fired with any weapon. Firing of the Ml rifle course "A" is required for all recruits, company officers, and all enlisted men normally armed with the rifle. Course "A" is as follows: 200 yards standing, sitting and kneeling, slow fire, four rounds each; 500 yards prone slow fire, eight rounds; 200 yards rapid fire, 60 seconds, sitting and kneeling from standing, 16 rounds each; 300 yards rapid fire, 65 seconds, prone from standing, 16 rounds. Ammunition allowance for qualification is 400 rounds. Scores for qualification are: rifle expert, 306; rifle sharpshooter, 292; rifle marksman, 268. Those required to fire the carbine M1 or M2 are; recruits, company officers, and enlisted men for whom the carbine is the basic arm. The "A" course is as follows: 200 yards slow fire, five rounds, sitting, standing and kneeling; 200 yards rapid fire, 60 seconds, 10 rounds in two magazines of five rounds each, prone and sitting from standing; 100 yards rapid fire, 30 seconds per string, two strings of five rounds each, standing; 100 yards rapid fire, 60 seconds, 10 rounds in two magazines of five rounds each, kneeling from standing. Ammunition allowances for qualification on the carbine, 150 rounds. Scores required for qualification are: carbine expert, 250; carbine sharpshooter, 240: carbine marksman, 215. This order also covers qualification, familiarization, and field firing of all other weapons used by individuals. Special allowances of ammunition are authorized for familiarization and field firing. Wherever possible commanding officers will use Marine Corps range facilities available within a radius of 100 miles. If Marine Corps ranges are not available and other suitable ranges exist, arrangements can be made for their use by Marine Corps units. Special arrangements must be made for the use of Marine Corps ranges more than 100 miles away from the unit if other local ranges are unsatisfactory.

Absentee Balloting

Members of the Armed Forces, merchant marine, and civilians attached to military government overseas may apply for absentee ballots in their home states for Fall elections. Postcard form USWBC No. 1 or Standard Form No. 76, which may be obtained from commanding officers, will be used. To vote by state ballot an applicant must be eligible under the laws of his home state. Further information concerning absentee ballots may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of State in the state in which legal residence is claimed, or to the voter's county clerk.

BULLETIN BOARD

(continued)

All-Navy Pistol Matches • The All-Navy Pistol Caliber .45 Matches will be held at Camp Perry, Ohio, in mid-August during the week of the National Matches. Not more than one Marine is eligible to be a firing member of a team, and no Marine Corps teams will participate. Any medals won by a Marine as a member of a Navy team will not count toward his award of the Marine Corps Distinguished Pistol Medal. Marine Corps Pistol Teams will be contesting in the National Matches at Camp Perry at the same time. All commanding officers are requested to assist Navy teams with the provision of coaches and ranges.

MCI after discharge • Marines may continue their studies under the Marine Corps Institute after discharge, if their situations comply with the following provisions:

1. The student must be enrolled for at least three months prior to honorable discharge and must have submitted at least one lesson a month. The student may continue his lessons after discharge for one year providing he maintains a one-a-month minimum.

2. Personnel receiving medical discharges not due to their own misconduct are also permitted to continue study with MCI for one year after discharge on the same basis.

3. Marines who retire after 20 or 30 years of honorable service are eligible to continue study with the MCI. They are not required to be enrolled prior to retirement and may enroll in a new course at any time. Members of the Organized Marine Corps Reserve are privileged to take advantage of the benefits of MCI with the approval of their commanding officer and inspector-instructor.

Change in handling of rifle range report

Clerks in the various rifle range offices will be able to make that 1645 bus to Beaufort, San Diego and Bremerton with no strain since they have been relieved of that "ol' bugaboo," Form NAVMC-541, Report of Individual Record Qualification. In the past, the burden of submitting this report, one for each organization firing the range, had fallen to range personnel. Now, according to the latest change in the Marine Corp Manual, the new revised report will be submitted to Headquarters by all commanding officers who render muster rolls. The report will be submitted as of the end of each month during which record practices have been conducted. In other words, each organization firing for record will submit its own report. The range officer in charge of the range practice is still required to sign the marksmanship entries in the individual Service Record Books. On the reverse side of the new report will be listed the names of the commissioned and warrant officers of the command who qualify with weapons during the period covered by the report. The names will be arranged alphabetically, disregarding rank. The weapon and course fired and the qualification attained, indicated by "E", "SS", "MM", or "UQ" will be recorded.

ID cards for FMCR and Retired

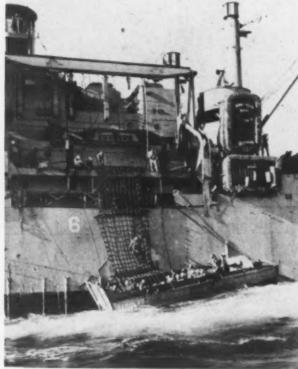
Marine Corps Reserve and Retired list has been remedied by the issuance of new type ID cards to replace those turned in when men go on inactive duty. Since identification is needed for Fleet Reserves and retired, to use post exchange facilities, they found themselves stymied by the lack of simple and proper means of establishing their status and identity. The cards are now being mailed from Headquarters and it is unnecessary for the individuals concerned to make application. Extreme care must be taken in filling out the cards upon receipt to avoid inaccuracies. They must be fingerprinted and standard fingerprint ink used if possible. It is estimated that the mailing of approximately 4000 cards will take eight months; current issues are being taken care of as they occur.

The beach-busting Second Divery
got a workout on an island the size of Saipan
during the Caribbean amphibious show



"INVASION" OF





A bobbing landing boat takes the last of its load of Marines as the "invasion" off Puerto Rico gets underway

THE LSM(R)s edged closed to the beach, under cover of a heavy bombardment of spitting rockets that hissed like giant Roman candles on their flight to the beach. Fighters and dive bombers whipped in and out of the smoke screen, methodically strafing and skip-bombing defensive positions. Off shore, Second Division Marines circled in landing crafts in the rendezvous area.

The island might have been Saipan—it was slightly larger but the terrain was similar—and this "D-Day" operation might have been June 15, 1944. Pacific veterans unconsciously hunched their shoulders behind the ramps as the boats headed for the beach. But most of the Marines aboard were on their first operation—they had been high school sophomores when Saipan fell to the Corps' wartime Second and Fourth Divisions and the Army's Twenty-seventh Division.

This D-Day was February 17, 1948, and no historian will record the "fall" of Vieques Island to advancing Marines. The 20-mile long strip is part of Puerto Rico, located ten miles off the eastern shore of that U. S. territory.

As in wartime, the operation began months before D-Day when Army, Navy, and Marine Corps officers met to plan the "invasion." The maneuvers followed the plans of an actual landing in every respect.

Numerous aerial photos were taken and maps and charts of the eastern half of the island were reproduced. This area was theoretically occupied by an aggressor force of 4500 troops who were using the island as a launching point for guided missiles against the southeastern coast of the United States. The military purpose of the "invasion" were to: "Come Across," "Conquer Throughout," "Control Indefinitely." The actual purpose was, of course, to provide training in coordination for all units involved.



The small island of Vieques, just east of the huge U. S. base at Roosevelt Roads, presents a South Pacific view

to the men pouring ashore on the first of three days of amphibious maneuvers on the former ammunition depot

The 16,000-strong invasion force might be described as a giant, requiring legs to carry him to battle, arms with which to beat through enemy defenses, a body with which to occupy and control the conquered area, and a brain for coordination.

The legs were the Atlantic Fleet Amphibious Force, the Marines were the arms, the Army was the body, and the combined staffs of the three services were the brains.

Watching the maneuver from the press boat was like witnessing a movie scene depicting "Close-up of Invasion." The boat moved with the first wave to the beach and its observers saw men disperse into the jungle of palm trees and underbrush. As they disappeared, the second wave poured onto the beach.

BUT the Marines were not the first to land. They found traces of enemy and natural obstacles already destroyed by the naval underwater demolition teams who had sneaked in to the beaches in rubber boats hours before dawn.

The beachhead established, waves of supplies and heavy equipment were landed, and the troops moved inward. Supply and communication lines were set-up and the engineers began the construction of roads. Food and ammunition flowed to the advancing front. Destroyers and cruisers continued to shell the advance areas throughout the night.

Simulated casualties were removed to the hospital ship, USS Consolation, and replacements were landed. By D-plus-three, the island had been theoretically secured.

In the early morning of February 21, the ships of the Atlantic Amphibious Force left the Island of Vieques and headed for liberty ports in Puerto Rico, St. Croix, and St. Thomas Islands.



Rear Admiral Ernest Von Heimburg, USN, and Major General Franklin A. Hart, USMC, aboard the flagship Mount Olympus



After quickly securing the beach, infantry units of the Fourth Regiment move inland to begin "conquering" the rest

of the island. The interior, although well foliaged, was not quite up to South Pacific par for the vegetation course



The Tenth Marines 105-mm's go into action in support of the advancing infantrymen who have moved to the front



Members of the 16th Marine Shore Party Battalion unload food, fuel and ammunition at the scene of the landing



The 2nd Tank Battalion warily advances into "combat" leading the infantry into the island's jungle-like interior



The precision of a carefully planned camp is evident in this aerial view of the Second Marine Division bivouac

area on Vieques. The command post is in the lower right hand corner, with the staff officers located at left



Leatherneck Staff Writer

"W HAT are you people, a bunch of East Coast Marines?" This irate challenge brought a grizzled old sergeant major to an abrupt halt on the parade ground of the Marine Base at San Diego. Since he was an alumnus of Parris Island—and an East Coast Marine—he resented this slur and looked around for its source.

Spotting a bellicose noncom giving the word to a formation of Marines, the old salt's face relaxed into a smile. Hadn't he said a few moments ago that the Old Corps was all shot to hell? But there was a phrase that was as much a part of that Old Corps as the .03 rifle, even though it was irritating to the ears of a good East Coast Marine. But then he had ideas about those "Hollywood" Marines from the West Coast, too.

Just when this rivalry began between the men who got their start as Marines at Parris Island and those from San Diego, is a question that men who have grown old in the Corps have never been able to decide. However, they all recall with a smile that it was a hard blow to the pride of a San Diego Marine to be referred to as an "East Coast Marine." Men from the East Coast had a similar aversion to being called a "Hollywood Marine," a title reserved for all West Coast men.

There had to be a basis for this keen spirit of competition between these two clans of the Marine Corps.

None of the old-timers will definitely state that they know that basis. But most of them hazard a guess that it springs from the fact that all Marines are inherently loyal to the boot camp wherein they gained the fundamentals of becoming a Marine. This spirit has sometimes been classed with the respect that college graduates reserve for their alma maters. All Marines are sure their boot camp sufferings occurred during the worst period of peonage in Marine history. They are proud of the fact that they were able to stand this period of hellishness.

They aver that "No other Marine ever had it as tough as I did."

Two other factors may logically be assumed to have contributed a part to this rivalry. Before the war, men were assigned to stations on or near the particular coast that provided the scene of their boot training. There was the width of a continent between the two schools of thought.

Much of this competition disappeared during the war. The Fleet Marine Force, no respector of persons, was noted for its complete lack of interest in a man's background and personal interpretations of Semper Fidelis.

One of the very few notable incidents between the East and West Coast Marines, during the war, had its setting in Wellington, New Zealand. Morally, at least, it was a triumph for the East Coast men.

While the First Marine Division was still largely composed of East Coast-trained men, it was stationed in Wellington for a rest. Hearing that the Second Division, a West Coast product, would occupy the territory after they had shoved off on another combat mission, Marines of the First prepared a

welcome. The bootblacks of Wellington were a vital part of the program.

When the Second Division came in, most of its Marines were compelled to make their first liberty in boondockers. When approached by the bootblacks to have their shoes shined, 99 per cent of the answers were in the negative. That was the cue for the previously instructed shine-boys. They asked, with heavy sarcasm:

"What are you Mac, one of those West Coast Marines? Don't you ever shine your shoes?"

The looks of incredulity on the faces of the affronted Marines was something to see

Prior to the war and the resultant mixing of these two groups, the men from the East were generally called Joe and the boys from the West answered to "Mac."

EARLY in the campaign for Guadalcanal a story was in circulation to the effect that the Japanese were paying a high price for their ignorance of Marine lore. Apparently under the impression that all Marines were West Coast Marines, or completely unaware of the geographical distinction between two groups within the Corps, a stealthy English-speaking Jap patrol wormed its way confidently into Marine foxhole territory. (So the story goes.)

"Hey, Mac," stated a leader, "this is a Marine patrol. Don't shoot."

This little slip cost the Jap High Command at least one sizable patrol. For the boys on the scene were not "Macs," they were "Joes."

Shoulder Arms

ANY rounds have been fired on the range and in battle since the time when recruits for the Continental Marines were required to bring with them "an effective firearm, cartouche box, cutlass and blanket." The situation at that time was so bad that the infant Corps was forced to borrow arms and munitions from the Pennsylvania Committee for Public Safety. These revolutionary forces made excellent use of the many and varied weapons which came into their possession.

Today, weapons of the finest workmanship are freely supplied. The tradition surrounding the U. S. Marine as a prince among sharpshooters has grown from the careful attention which has always been given to getting the most out of his weapon.

The development of small arms may be traced to a modification of the crude cannon which existed well before the 14th Century. The experimentation of an unknown foot soldier resulted in the "hand-cannon," a crude miniature of the artillery piece.

These "bastons-a-feu" or fire-sticks, were simply tubes, closed at one end and the muzzle-loaded charge was fired by sticking a hot wire or glowing cord down the touch-hole. The addition of a wooden butt piece, held under the arm pit, made it possible to steady the piece when it was fired. In a later development the touch-hole was moved around to the right side and a pan was added to carry a pinch of powder which was ignited and flashed through the touch-hole. A cock was placed on the right side with jaws to hold the lighted fuze cord. To fire, the soldier moved the cock forward into the primed pan and—if all went well—the gun fired.

There were few changes in this cumbersome, dangerous, and inaccurate piece of ordnance from about 1381 until 1425 when the further advanced fire-lock or match-lock appeared. The barrel was attached to a straight wooden stock with an extremely large butt which was braced against the chest. The flash-pan was still used but an "S" shaped piece of metal had been attached to serve as a trigger and cock whose jaws clamped the "match." When the soldier was ready to fire he slid aside the cover of the flash pan and pulled the trigger, moving the match into the primer.

This development inspired further improvements. A spring was used to throw the cock forward, and simple front and rear sights were added. The next revolutionary development in design came with the French "hookgun" or "arquebus," the first weapon with a stock curved for shoulder firing. This innovation facilitated "sighting" the weapon—at least in the general direction of the enemy.

The arquebus was a fairly small weapon weighing about ten pounds, averaging three feet in length, and having a bore of approximately .75 caliber; its maximum rate of fire was one shot in two minutes with a range of barely 100 yards.

by Sgt. Edward Evans Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY SGT. JACK SLOCKBOWER
Leatherneck Staff Photographer
AND U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM

"More of it faster" is demanded by riflemen of their weapons in the quest for better arms



The Spaniards soon came on the field with a "moschetto," or musket, six to seven feet long and weighing 40 or 50 pounds. This was definitely a two man gun with the muzzle supported on a forked rod. It held the limelight for a time because of its previously unheard of range and velocity, and although it had been trimmed down to one-man size it retained its long barrel.

All guns of the matchlock type were plagued by the possibility of wetting the cord fuze and the danger involved

by flying sparks when fired near open powder kegs. Infantrymen breathed a sigh of relief when a mechanism called the wheel-lock made its appearance. The principle of the present day cigaret lighter was used but the covered flashpan and cock remained. Iron pyrites replaced the glowing fuze, and a cumberous wheel and spring assembly were added. The spring had to be tensioned with a lever on the left side and the cock moved to the rear to meet the ridged wheel placed just to the rear of the flash pan. When the musketeer was ready to fire he pulled the trigger releasing the spring which rotated the wheel against the pyrites. The sparks ignited the primer.

The matter of expense prohibited general usage of this weapon and the old matchlock remained in service for many years. During this same period, at the beginning of the 16th Century, the riflled barrel came into existence through the desire for truer flight of the ball shot. The rifled musket had been popular only as a hunting weapon because the difficulty of loading and excessive lead fouling in the grooves made it unsatisfactory for military purposes.

THE quest for a simplified mechanism brought about the introduction of the flint-lock in 1625. It retained the familiar jawed cock and flash pan, but the iron pyrites were replaced by a chunk of flint which, when thrown forward by the action of a spring, struck an abrasive plate called the "frizzen" mounted above the flash pan. Compression of the mainspring was achieved by drawing the cock to the rear as in modern revolvers and shot guns.

Infantry tactics at the time of the American Revolution consisted of massed companies firing in volleys, necessitated by the relative inaccuracy of the existing muskets. These close order tactics permitted one rank to fire while the others reloaded under the protection of a mass of bayonets.

British troops were using the clumsy and inaccurate Tower and Brown Bess flintlocks, weighing eleven pounds and with a three quarter inch bore. In the hands of well drilled troops they could deliver five volleys per minute. Although they could strike harmfully up to 200 yards, their normal range was 125 yards—with no accuracy at any

range. It was impossible to hit anything smaller than a regiment at more than 125 yards and an individual soldier at 25 yards had nothing to fear.

Continental troops fought with any weapons that were available-French muskets remaining from the Indian wars, captured British stores, and their own versions of frontier rifles. American ingenuity had found a remedy for the disadvantages of the rifled musket and adapted its accuracy and long range to excellent use as a hunting and fighting weapon. Instead of seating the ball in the grooves by pounding with a mallet as was the custom, Americans had simply reduced the size of the ball and wrapped it in greased buckskin or linen which took the rifling and dropped off the ball when clear of the muzzle. American riflemen took a heavy toll of the British, not as massed infantry, but as sniping skirmishers. New tactics had been born.

The success of American riflemen with the patched ball and the simplified action of the flint-lock brought many attempts to perfect the rifled musket. All powder and shot had long been muzzle loaded and packed tight with the ramrod. This process often so deformed the shot that its flight was erratic and short. Eventually the round ball gave way to an egg-shaped shot. The best of these was the "Minnie ball" developed by Captain Minie of the French army. This type had a flat or hollow base, was easy to ram home and expanded to take the rifling when the charge was fired.

The first United States arsenal was established in 1794 to produce 250 copies of the French musket, model of 1763, to equip the newly recruited rifle battalion of General Washington. Arms for the American forces during this period were largely supplied by foreign contract. All muskets of the time were basically the same with the exception of small variations in trigger guard, cock, pan and frizzen mounting.

Contracts were let to private concerns in 1798 for copies of French and British muskets. Whitney's muskets of 1803 which served well in the War of 1812 were machine made and had interchangeable parts. Britain, then the most industrialized country, was still turning out weapons made by hand.

A Scottish clergyman named Alexander Forsyth in 1807 made another great advance in the technique of ignition



SHOULDER ARMS (cont.)

when he developed the method of "percussion" priming. His invention involved the striking of a tube filled with primer in the touch-hole, eliminated the flash pan and changed the cock to a hammer. The American, Joshua Shaw, topped this invention in 1814 with a "percussion cap" which was inserted in a cup bored in the face of the touchhole. The flat faced hammer struck this cap in the same manner of the child's cap pistol.

Various experiments had been made in an effort to make the musket a breech-loader, but the snag had always been the loss of gas through the breech. The shot was very much as it is today, and the attempts at devising a cartridge had seen the use of paper and cloth cases attached to the shot. These were loaded into the breech through a hinged receiver and ignited by the flint-lock or percussion cap system. The cartridge was supposed to be completely burned by the ignition of the charge. There was always serious danger of backfire in these weapons. The Hall breech-loading flintlock, with a bore of .52 caliber, was used by the army in the Seminole, Blackhawk and Mexican wars.

The next step in the development of the rifled musket was the brass cartridge. The earliest models appeared with a tube attached to the base which contained the primer and protruded above the breech where it was struck by the hammer. This was followed by the flanged base, rim-fire cartridge now used in many types of .22 caliber rifles and pistols. Both of these developments arrived about 1846 from a Parisian gunsmith named Houiller.

The rim-fire cartridge proved unsatisfactory for large calibers, but the gap was closed by the introduction of the center fire cartridge in 1858 by an American named Morse. The bottle neck cartridge appeared about the same time, having a larger case than the bullet and allowing for heavier charges and shorter cartridges.

Loading continued to be the big problem, even with the metal cartridge. The door to the solution was opened by Johann Nicholas von Dreyse, a German apprentice in a Paris gunsmith shop. Dreyse had produced a bolt action rifle called a "needle gun" because of the firing pin in the bolt which pierced the cartridge. The Prussian army adopted the needle gun, the first bolt action rifle, in 1841, the same year that the United States adopted the percussion cap rifle for issue. With the percussion cap now in the base of the cartridge, the musket was on its way out and the rifle held the day. By the end of the American Civil War period there were



At the National Museum in Washington, D. C., rare and valuable firearms of every period and nation are preserved. Here are early muskets and pistols

few first rate armies without the new bolt action, breech loading rifles.

Rifle calibers were still large, averaging from .40 to .45, but ranges had increased effectively up to 2200 yards. Now that extensive improvements had been made in the mechanics of the weapon, study was turned to the propellant charge. Black powder had been in use for more than 600 years, and any battle field of the day was soon clouded by a heavy blanket of smoke. In 1884 a French chemist, Vielle, made a welcome announcement—he had perfected smokeless powder.

This new powder increased the chamber pressure to 50,000 pounds per square inch and the velocity to 2000 feet per second. Now another difficulty appeared. The lead slug then in use could not stand such speed or pressure and tore free of the rifling or left bits of melted lead in the bore. There was an obvious need for a jacketed bullet that could take the riffling under this new high pressure. A Swiss officer, Major Rubin, met this need.

REPEATING rifles had begun to replace single shot weapons, magazines were developed along the box type, feeding from the bottom of the receiver, and tube magazines were enclosed in the forestock. Many of these repeating rifles had been born prior to and during the Civil War.

During these stages of development, the Marine Corps had taken its arms from the Army according to the standard of the day. The flint lock which had served many years had been replaced in 1851 by the percussion cap rifled musket. Until the year 1890, very little information is recorded regarding target practice in the Corps.

Marine Corps records of 1891 refer to

gallery and long range target practice. It was 1897 before any detailed courses for marksmanship and sharpshooting, were set up. At this time the Marines were armed with the .45 caliber Lee-Springfield percussion cap, breech-loader which was eventually replaced by the Lee "straight pull" 6-mm. issued by the Navy. This rifle received its baptism of fire in the battle of Cuzco Hill, Cuba, in 1898. It proved effective at ranges from 600 to 1100 yards.

Shooting made little progress until the issue of the Krag-Jorgensen in 1900. This rifle was used until 1910 when the 1903 Springfield was adopted by the Marine Corps.

During this entire period American arms had trailed the rest of the world and United States troops were still armed with single shot rifles while other nations were carrying repeating arms. Even in the period following the Civil War there were many fine repeating weapons on the market for civilian use, but few in the hands of regulars. The Krag-Jorgensen .30 caliber was the first rifle adopted with a box magazine, loading from the side, a single cartridge at a time. Other foreign arms; Mannlicher, Mauser, and Enfield held clips of from five to ten rounds.

The most popular arm in the United States before 1900 was the Winchester-type repeater in which the magazine was a long tube under the barrel. This rifle had a lever action extension of the trigger guard and successfully competed with the bolt action until the government's adoption of the Krag.

The magazine of the Krag was loaded without opening the bolt, a feature not found on any other rifle of the period. Because of defects in the breech locking mechanism and the lack of a clip feed, the Krag had been dropped in favor of

Mid-Season FORECAST

Quantico's champs may have a rough time with the Lejeune big stick toters. Pendleton and Recruit Depot lead in the West.

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ROM here, at mid-season, it looks as if the Corps will give another good account of itself this year in All-Navy baseball. On the East Coast the Devildogs of Quantico, the defending champions, are going to have their hands full trying to ward off their up and coming rivals out of Camp Lejeune.

Quantico has a whale of a schedule—over 120 games—to complete. Besides playing in two leagues, the Potomac River Naval Command Navy league and the Middle Eastern Service Command scramble, they've been getting in plenty of play with independent and collegiate teams. Meeting teams from the Big Nine conference, the Ohio Col-



PETE CHERINKO
Devildog mound stalwart

legiate conference and college nines in the D. C. area, they have compiled a fine record, winding up the collegiate season with a 17-2 win over the highlyrated Catholic University of Washington, D. C.

Back from last year's championship team are Pete Larghey, Al Hora and Doug Standley in the outfield. Alternates for "wrong" pitching are Bob Knight, a heavy clouter, and Chuck Samis. Aboard the infield, fiery "Pittsburgh Pete" Peiritsch is again holding down the hot corner. "Fancy Dan" Russo is back at shortstop, and they've come up with a fielding cutie at second base in Adam Gruca who did some time last year in the Coastal Plain league. Bob Johnson and Herb Kinney are sharing infield utility roles same as last year, and the formidable Les Veigel is again stretching out for the wide ones at the initial sack.

The catching job has been reinforced by a newcomer, Don Neidringhaus, who is now getting the call over last year's vet Russ Schnieder. Experience in organized ball last year in one of the Carolina leagues, plus a .305 batting average, gives Don the number one cap.

Pete Cherinko, a 15-4 hurler last year, is again the leading tosser. Pete has also furnished much of the club's power, having a .403 stick average for 22 games. Bobo McDowell, Fred Volk, "Tex". Bragg, Pope and Spencer make up the rest of the regular-win pitching staff. Coached by Captain "Hap" Sphuler, able disciple of Duke's Jack Coombes, the Devildogs are going to be rough to scootch out of the pennant road.

Down Carolina way, Camp Lejeune is in the midst of a win streak that may give them the nod in the Fifth Naval District. At this writing they haven't met Quantico; but the four game home-to-home series they have scheduled with their northern comrades should be a Snug Harbor brawl.

Among Lejeune's victims to date is the Cherry Point Flyers; not once, but three times. That should give them the



ADAM GRUCA
Quantico's sharp new shortstop

Pine-dune title, if nothing else. Their other victims include the Pawtucket Sailors, Wilmington Moose, Charleston Marines and Chincoteague Naval Air.

A hard hitting outfield of Anderson, Woods and Schnupp, backed by Fenton and Dias as alternates make up most of the sock. Freeza holds down first; Link and Tonner divide the chores at the keystone sack; Fairchild, heavy-hitting shortstop and Messenheimer at third make up the tight infield.

Five topnotch hurlers give them plenty of mound strength. Burns, Dasch, Johnson, Bourbeau and Washington can take their turns regularly without any fear of being let down for want of runs. A last look at the team batting average shows it to be slightly over .300. What more can a pitcher ask for.

A well rounded out nine must have catching strength, and Lejeune has just that in Perme, Hubany and Scarbough. Hubany, with his big bat, gets the first call. Yes sir, that series with Quantico should be a sell-out at big league prices.

There's always a dark horse lurking in the background, and the Flying Ebony of the East Coast might well be

MID-SEASON FORECAST (cont.)

our country cousins from the deeper South, at Parris Island.

They have compiled a good season record to date, and while they have lost a few more games than either of their aforementioned northern brethern, the losses have been of the one run variety and could easily have gone either way. They split a series with the University of Georgia, a four game setto with Fort Jackson, another two game affair with Sylvania College. They beat Green Cove Springs twice and the Charleston Marines twice. With the season well under way now, the "win" column is expanding.

The leading hurler is Bernie Weisman, who schooled in the North Carolina State league and also in the luggage town of Oshkosh in the Badger State league. Frank Wall plays in the outer garden when not pitching, Southpaw Ray Schum and Fireman Dan Kolenick make up the rest of the staff.

Jack Lynch, Smith and Pershing round out the receiving department with Lynch wearing the iron mask most of the time.

Mike Illitch, at shortstop, is the team's leading hitter. He's another that has had minor league experience, having held down his favorite spot with the Thomasville, Georgia club. Dunkerton, a .300 hitter is guarding the hot spot; Barnes, at the keystone, is the

FRANK PEIRITSCH

Quantico's hot corner veteran

old "gooda-field, smalla-bat" type, but fits in nicely with Illitch as a doubleplay combine. Zeke Carroll operates the bear trap at first, and hits those occasional long balls that come in handy late in the game.

"Rabbit" Eidson in left field owns the biggest batting average and is the team home run king. Bayer roams in right, while the center spot is taken care of by Moring, Zorn and Wall, when not occupied with pitching worries.

All in all, this unpredictable club is capable of making it rough on any over-confident opposition.

Starting the season with a so-so club, the Cherry Point Flyers have come a long way and are now beginning to rough up the opposition often enough to make the visitors come in with their dukes up. Currently they are playing slightly better than .500 ball.

Santoro, Vass and Pennacchio are the leading moundsmen for the Flyers. Pasquale has been doing most of the receiving, and if he gets hurt the club will have to dig deep for a replacement.

Green, Watson, Verbanic and Holloway make up the infield if you scan it counter-clockwise. In the outer pasture, the patrolers are Beach, Hensil and Kersey as regulars. Shea and Cardona, utility men, beak in often enough to keep the others hustling. Jimmy Canada has been coming along fast and should be taking his regular turn on the mound soon with Santoro and the others.

THE little West Coast bird with the big yap has been whispering the word around that Camp Pendleton is the outfit to beat this year. It may well be for they've been coming along under full steam since their opening day.

Starting against the surrounding Junior Colleges and some of the larger collegiate nines, the CamPen outfit rolled right along belting the cover off Mr. Spaulding's product. When they ran out of that type of foe, they took on some Class C baseballers from Utah-Idaho's Pioneer League. They split a series with Billings and Pocatello which isn't bad against that kind of competition."

Major N. R. Nickerson, CamPen coach has gathered together quite an aggregation. Some of the early season players who are still around fouling up the opposition are, Gale, first base; Stringfellow, second; Strader, shortstop and Hatteberg at third. Bill Zaudtke and Joe Morton share the catching job, taking the fancy stuff from hurlers George Chambers, Frank Witt and "Chum" Taylor.

The outfield was Stempkowski, La-Carra, Dulek and Paine filling in. By



DON NEIDRINGHAUS

Classy Quantico catcher

August, reinforcements may have come in from overseas and add more strength to this band of hopefuls.

Always a power in West Coast circles and one who will challenge CamPen's right to play for any title is Bull Trometter's gang at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot. Playing within the confines of the best baseball diamond of any service aggregation, the Depot has already rung up a record that is going to be hard to beat.

The pitching is quite adequate with Gene Estes, Jim Smith, Bill Kelly, Howie Young and Ken Mantell ready to go. Johnny Wilson is handling most of the catching. Jerry Ruse is cavorting about the initial sack, Eddie Moffet and Darrell Kellar handle the twinkillings at second and short and Murray Grant does a good job at third.

Nick Cappeletto, in right field, is hovering around .350 with his stick; Dick Roberts, left fielder, is not far behind Big Nick, and Bill Custer, manages to knock in his share, when not patrolling in the center portion of the outfield.

The only shenanigan that will keep either this outfit or CamPen out of the finals is a Navy augmentation job, such as was pulled last year. There's only one thing better than having one Marine team in the finals and that's having two of 'em in there battling it out. Why not? The basketballers did it. Let's annoy the Naivy some more. C'mon men, lets pour it on.

BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG



THE nation's Capital at Washington stood defenseless in August, 1814, when Britain's elite troops were freed of action in the Napoleonic Wars and sent against the United States.

For nearly two years, the second war with Britain had been fought primarily at sea while America's regular army and militia had attempted unsuccessful invasions of Canada. During these two years no move had been made to fortify Washington or to organize an effective defense.

When a large British fleet bringing an expeditionary force moved into Chesapeake Bay, Captain Joshua Barney's mosquito flotilla withdrew into the upper reaches of the Patuxent River. Barney landed his seamen and Marines, and with the help of an additional 100 Marines from the Washington Barracks, beat off a landing force.

Three days later, the British expeditionary force landed at Benedict, Md. Brigadier General William Winder, a Revolutionary War officer, was ordered to assemble his militia and a scant 300 regulars while the President and his cabinet made hasty preparations to leave the Capital.

Gen. Winder moved his hastily organized defenders to Bladensburg, Md. in preparation for a stand at a small wooden bridge which spanned the East Branch of the Potomac. Barney's naval battalion and the troops from Washington's Marine Barracks voluntarily joined Winder's small army, bringing two 18-pounder and three 12-pounder cannon with them.

Sailors manned the guns and the remaining 400 seamen formed as infantry with the Marines. The guns were emplaced on the road and to the right of it as the center of the line, flanked by the militia.

The red coats of the advance British party came into range at 1130 on the 24th, and the militia outposts in the town opened fire. The appearance of the main body demoralized the poorly disciplined American troops and they scattered into nearby orchards.

Capt. Barney took personal command of the artillery and staggered the advancing column, but the British professionals closed their ranks and moved up again.

When their second frontal assault was repelled with heavy losses, the British deployed into the open fields on their left and executed a skillful open order advance against the Americans. Other British units on the right flank routed the militia from the orchards.

The sailors and Marines cut down the van of the attackers time after time with vicious firing, but they were fighting against overwhelming odds. Barney and the Marine Barracks' commander, Captain Miller, were severely wounded and captured. Captain Anthony Gale then withdrew the remaining defenders, and the Capital fell.

The disastrous burning of public buildings began. The Capitol, the White House, and the invaluable library of early American documents went up inflames. Some of the most valuable items had been removed from the city and members of the Marine band had buried others. These were subsequently recovered.

Only one thing served to lighten the pall which hung over the burning capital—the Marines and seamen had remained steadfast in their trust and honor in a crisis which had beaten the nation's morale into a state of weary despair.

HOPE," said Smith, as he looked at the short sheet, "the guy that done this comes down with the hives." That's when I first began to suspect Smith. Because half an hour later I had hives all over me. I didn't sleep a wink that night. Almost went crazy.

I thought it was a coincidence, of course. But some time after that I came in the barracks and Smith had them laid out on his sack.

Dolls. Four of them. He was so absorbed in what he was doing that he didn't notice me when I came up quite close to him and watched.

First he tickled one of them with a feather. Outside I heard someone laughing like hell. I looked out the window and the sergeant major in the slopchute was almost in hysterics. I had never heard him laugh before.

Then Smith looked up, not at all surprised that I was there.

"You see, Hank," he said.

"I don't believe in it," I said, a little scared.

"If I should stick a pin in the sergeant major here—" he said. "Like this . . ."

He poked the ugly little doll in the rear.

The sergeant major's yip of pain rang over the compound.

I looked out the window. He was standing up rubbing himself and examining the seat of his chair.

I laughed a little, of course. But the hair rose on the back of my neck. I rubbed it and tried to be casual. It was a coincidence, of course.

I heard the boys trooping into our barracks. When I looked back at Smith's sack, the dolls were gone and Smith was sitting there reading a comic book, laughing like hell.

"Listen, Smith," I said.

"This Bugs Bunny kills me," he said.
"Smith, I don't believe in that stuff."

"Of course," he said. "Bugs is just a comic character. I don't ask you to believe in it."

"You know, the dolls."

"What dolls?" asked Smith. "You means the girls at the beach?"

"I suppose I dreamed it," I said sarcastically.

"Old buddy," said Smith. "Do you feel all right?"

I gulped a couple of times. I had a

feeling right then that I shouldn't go to the beach with Smith that weekend. I started to call it off. But Smith just kept reading his comic book and chuckling to himself, so I told myself it didn't happen. I just dreamed it.

It's very hot in the barracks and I suppose the heat has affected my mind. I went in and took a shower, and all the time I was thinking about Smith.

He was about 30, I judged. The oldest man in the outfit. He had no relatives and never got any letters. He had been in the Corps about ten years and was still a PFC. No close friends. Actually that was all I knew about him. The only reason I wanted to go to the beach with him was that he had a pocketful of money. And that's the funny part of it. I began to think back. And there was no way he could have got that money except—

Smith had been looking out the window watching Fisher go by. Fisher is a well-known tightwad and has the first dollar he ever made in the Marine Corps. Even from our window I could see the bulge in his pants pocket where he carried his roll of bills.

"I wish," Smith had said, "that I had that money and Fisher had a wart on his nose."

Well, at the time I had thought nothing about it. Only a few minutes afterward Smith casually pulls out a roll of bills and suggests that we go to the beach.

I stepped out of the shower. There was something I had to find out and quick.

"Where could I find Fisher?" I asked one of the boys.

"He's in sick bay."

"What for?"

"He had an operation on his nose."
"Yeah?" My hair rose up on the back of my neck.

"You need a haircut, Hank," said this guy.

"Listen, what was he operated on for?"

"Somebody said it was a wart."

Then I did get scared. I was afraid to tell Smith I couldn't make liberty with him. Why had he picked on me? Why were there four dolls? One was the sergeant major. But how about the other three? I swallowed hard.

Then I walked over to the pinochle game in progress and watched the boys for a while. I began to feel better. This was 1948, in a nice quiet barracks at Henderson Hall. Voodoo? Black magic, phooey. All coincidence.

That night Smith and I went down to the slopchute. We found a nice quiet table in one corner, away from the television screen.

"Old buddy," I said. "When did you get in the Corps?"

"About 17-" He caught himself

quickly. "I've been in longer than you."

"You said '17," I said. "That would make you about 50 years old."

"My tongue slipped," said Smith.
"Well, how did you happen to get

"A woman," he said. "We were all sitting around this tavern in Philly, and Old Bob who owned the joint made a bet with me."

"Where was this place?"

"On King Street, east side. I mean Water Street. There was a waitress named Nancy there who was the champion spitter of the colonies, of the East Coast, I mean. Old Bob bet me that Nancy could spit further than I could. I lost, by a good cubit."

"What's a cubit?"

"Did I say that" asked Smith. "I meant 18 inches."

I gulped. This time I held my hair down with both hands.

"You say," I said carefully, "that Mullan made this bet with you."

"Sure," said Smith. "I lost so he signed me up in the Marine Corps."

I STAGGERED up to get another pitcher. This time I was really scared. Smith might have been snowing me, sure. But he had just got through admitting that he'd shipped over in Tun Tavern. That would make it sometime around 1775 or '76. That would also make Smith about 192 years old.

Well, I got good and stinko that night. I sat there and listened to Smith telling about the Corps. He liked it fine. He said the Corps got better every year, and I guess he should know.

I snapped to once or twice trying to catch him up. He'd have a record book. "I'd like to see your record book sometime," I mentioned.

"It's not complete, Hank," he said, smiling a little. "You thought you had me, didn't you? Something always happened. This last time my record book was destroyed by fire."

"You ever been in Haiti?"

"Sure," said Smith. "It's a fine country."

"I'm sick," I said. "I better knock off. I'll probably be too sick to go to the beach tomorrow."

"Oh, we'll go," said Smith, and his mild blue eyes grew cold, like blue water developing a thin skin of ice.

I shivered. "Well, gulp, I think I'll hit the sack."

"I hope you'll go to sleep in five minutes"

I awoke at five forty-five the next morning.

"Boy, you must have been loaded," said Ashby who has the sack next to me.



VOODOO IN SECTION 8 (cont.)



"Naw, why I had only one pitcher."
"You stupe. You still got your shoes
on."

"Yeah," I said. "I musta went to sleep before I could take 'em off. I must have dropped off in five, gulp, minutes."

I was like a small animal petrified with terror while Smith, the snake, was taking his time about the operation. I didn't know what I was going to do about him, but I had to do something and quick.

On the road to the beach, just out of Upper Marlboro, Maryland, I brought the situation to a head.

"Smith," I said. "Let's stop sparring around. I think I know what you are."

The bus was crowded. Smith laughed a little. "Good," he said.

"Why do you say good?"

"Well, it's one of the rules that I can't tell anybody, and I can't admit it, of course."

"Why are you in the Marine Corps?"
"I have to be a soldier," said Smith.
"That's part of my bargain. I like
the Marine Corps best, that's all."

"Well," I took a deep breath, "What was the worst outfit you were ever in?" Smith shook his head. "That Napoleon was a louse."

"Oh, gulp, uh, you mentioned a bargain?"

SMITH smiled a little. "I was pretty young," he said. "Dr. Cagliostro could talk a fellow into anything."

I thought back furiously. Cagliostro was a magician or something in Italy hundreds of years ago.

Smith fished out a comic book and sat there chuckling over it.

"Smith . . .

"Unh?"

"Smith, why did you, gulp, pick on me?"

"Because you're stupid," he said, grimly. "Because you'll do just what I tell you. Because I've got a little job for you to do."

"Fella," said the guy on the other side of me, "would you like to sit next to the window?"

"Y-y-y-y . . ."

He changed places with me quickly. "No offense," he said. "But you're kind of green. Musta been something you et."

A job for me to do. Gulp.

I sweated it out.

When the bus pulled up at the beach, I was in a bad way and Smith knew it. "I hope you'll feel all right," said Smith. "In fact I wish you'd straighten up right now."

I didn't want to straighten up. I wanted to run, but all of a sudden I felt fine.

We got a room in a big house just off the bay.

"This job," I said.

"Oh, that can wait," said Smith.
"We'll go down and look over the town.
I'd like to play some bingo. This is
my last night."

What a rat race. Smith played bingo and slot machines. He picked up a girl in one of the joints, got in a fight and was hauled off to the jug. We didn't have enough money to pay the fine.

"Hank," said Smith, grinning a little.
"You tell the man you're going out to
get the money. Go to the house and
wait for me."

"Yes. sir."

The house was dark. I turned on all the lights and listened to the waves slapping at the beach. The room got on my nerves. I went out on the front porch, and lit a cigaret.

Then something came flitting through the dark, knocked the cigaret out of my hand and flew in a squeaking circle around the porch. Only a bat. I watched it fly toward the bushes in the front yard. A moment later, Smith walked from behind the bushes.

"All right," he said, "now for the business."

"Y-yes-sir.

He looked out toward the waves that clashed ceaselessly against the sea wall. "I'm a little tired after all these years. How long have you been in the Corps?"

"T-t-two y-y-years."

His laugh sent a chill clear down to my socks.

"Come on," he said.

I followed him into the house. He opened his barracks bag and took out the four dolls. "These are yours now," he said. "You'd better take good care of them."

He set me to work making a fifth doll. I didn't want to do it, but he must have had me hypnotized. I made the doll just like he said. I memorized the words he told me to say. Then I turned the water on in the lavatory and filled it full.

"So long, eightball," said Smith. "I hope." He went out the door,

I waited five minutes just as he had said. Then I took the fifth doll to the sink and held it under the water. It turned in my hands. I held it there until it stopped squirming and then I must have passed out.

A Marine isn't supposed to hitchhike. So what. I thumbed my way out of the bay area at three in the morning. The dolls were in my barracks bag. I tried not to think about what had happened. I didn't believe it, see.

"You ought to go to sick bay," said Ashby when I got back. "You look like you seen a ghost."

"I'm all right," I said.

Sunday: Smith didn't come in. Monday he was reported AWOL, and I told the staff NCO that I'd left him at the bay. Tuesday a party of fishermen found him. They identified him by his bracelet.

"Poor Smith," said Ashby. "Hell, he almost had it made. He could have retired in a few more years."

I laughed.

"You was with him," said Ashby. "You oughn't to laugh."

"He's out of the Corps," I said, "after 172 years of continuous active duty."

Ashby looked at me kind of queer. I waited until the barracks cleared out. All the guys were down in the slopchute.

I took the dolls out of the barracks bag and tried to find the sergeant major. They all looked alike.

There was one way to find out. I found a pin and jabbed one doll in the rear. A yelp came from the slopchute. "That one's Ashby," I said.

THEN I tried the second one, and nearly fell out the window. I've never had anything hurt so bad in my life.

Nothing happened when I tried the third doll. I poked it again for luck without result.

So that left the sergeant major. I jabbed in once and he upset a full pitcher of beer. "Who done that?" he bellowed. I touched him again and he turned and slugged the first man behind him.

I chased that sergeant major all over the compound by remote control.

Then I got scared again.

I don't believe in this stuff, of course, but suppose something happened to the dolls. Suppose a kid got hold of them and started tearing them apart. I got goose pimples.

I couldn't destroy them, not even the sergeant major's. I had the lives of four men right here in my hands.

The fourth doll? I never found out who it belonged to, although an item came out in the paper about how a southern Senator had suffered a sudden and inexplicable pain that caused him to leap over a chair and fracture his left ankle.

I've still got the dolls. They wanted to take them away from me but I raised such a fuss that they decided I could keep them. Sometimes I line them up along the padded wall and sing to them...





OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

O date, two cadres of the Canadian Army have completed training at the Naval Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Va. Instructing the groups were men from the Troop Training Unit of the Atlantic Fleet, commanded by Brigadier General William A. Worton, USMC.

The latest Canadian cadre, 20 commissioned and non-commissioned officers, arrived at Little Creek early in January, ate up the series of lectures and demonstrations of their indoctrination course, and then happily dived into the specialties: Amphibious Intelligence, Amph. Communications, Supporting Arms, Amph. Logistics, and Basic Amph.

After the cadre finished the course at Little Creek, the men joined the Second Marine Division at Camp Lejeune, where, by way of a graduation ceremony they participated as observers in the 1948 Fleet Tactical exercises.



The Canadian students watch Marines loading a 105-mm. howitzer aboard a Duck with an "A" frame hoisting rig



The officers were given indoctrination lectures before receiving individual instruction in their specialties



With the aid of models, Captain C. H. Horn demonstrates ship-to-shore movements for Warrant Officer Elliott, RCA

by Sqt. Edward Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ORABLE

With a war in France, Texas

was no place for an old Marine

HIS is the story of the man who was so eager to get into action that he deserted from the Ma-Under ordinary circumstances the quickest way into battle would be service in the military organization with the "First to Fight" reputation.

But this is not an ordinary story. In 1918, Sergeant Miles T. Barrett actually deserted from the Eighth Marines in Texas, joined the Army to get to France, then turned himself over to the 97th Company, Sixth Marines, and later won promotion to gunnery sergeant and decoration as a hero under fire.

This is one of the strangest cases on record in the history of the Marine Corps. It all began in a recruiting office in Seattle, Wash., in August, 1917. Former Marine Miles Barrett presented himself for re-enlistment for service in World War I, requesting a guarantee that he would be sent to France.

. He had served from 1900 to 1905 when the Spanish American War and Boxer Rebellion were still the topics of the day. His longest tour of duty had been on Guam, which was then the Devil's Island of the Pacific with legends that rivalled those of the French

Foreign Legion.

Commandant George Barnett gave his approval for re-enlistment, stating that men like Barrett were needed in France. Barrett was transferred immediately to Philadelphia instead of Mare Island on the West Coast. At the Quaker City the last units of the Sixth Marines were just about ready to board ship, but Barrett was assigned instead to the Eighth Marines then being formed at Quantico.

The Eighth Marines moved out by transport for Galveston, Tex., in November 1917-and they stayed there.



For seven months Barrett tried to get overseas service. He was promoted to sergeant, fired expert with the rifle, and supervised the mess of the 105th Company. Every time he requested combat service, his commanding officers looked at his gray hair, smiled patiently and refused. The crisis came in an altercation with the battalion commander, a fiery major, and Barrett planned his great adventure.

In his own words Barrett tells of his decision: "I knew that death was the penalty for desertion in time of war before I took the step. I obtained a 72hour furlough on May 1st, 1918, changed into civilian clothes and went to Beaumont, Tex. There I applied for enlistment in the Army Engineers. I passed the physical examination and went sent to Fort Sam Houston. There I declined to take the oath until assured by the commanding officer that I would go to join the 20th Engineers then in France. I was sworn in on May 7th."

Barrett was transferred to Camp Humphry, Va., and by June 14th was on his way to France aboard the transport Kroonland with the Third Engineer Replacement Regiment.

Meanwhile, the Eighth Marines had

placed the name of Miles Barrett on the Deserter's Roll when he failed to return at the end of his 72, and the notices of reward had been sent out to his next of kin. Barrett had taken care to cover all eventualities and just prior to embarkation had written to his Congressman giving full details and requesting him to communicate with the Commandant.

GY. SGT. MILES T. BARRETT

"At the risk of his life"

Aboard the transport, Barrett had been appointed mess sergeant for 5000 troops. When they debarked at St. Nazaire, France, he was made acting supply sergeant for the regiment until assigned to the 116th Engineers.

NOW Barrett was close to the front and he felt the time had come for him to reveal his status to his commanding officer. The company commander and battalion commander placed Barrett under arrest, but as a prisoner at large and used him as a drill master until it could be decided what charges were to be made against him. Later he was charged with violation of the 58th Article of War by enlisting in the Regular Army without being discharged from the Naval Service. All of his Army officers recommended clemency in view of his excellent service.

On August 5th, 1918, the investigating officer recommended that all charges against Barrett be dropped for lack of evidence that he had actually violated the articles of war as a deserter, having never legally been out of

the control of the military, or of fraudulent enlistment since he had not accepted any pay while in the Army.

The Army authorities released Barrett from arrest and on August 12th, he was ordered to be taken under guard to Chatillon, and to be turned over to the Marine commanding officer there on August 20th. At Headquarters of the Sixth Marines on August 27th, he was identified by the first sergeant as the same man who had been reported as a deserter from the Eighth Marines 106 days before in Texas.

Barrett, again under arrest, was assigned to the 97th Company as a prisoner at large, until orders were received from the Fourth Brigade commander concerning his status. Brigadier General Harbord referred the case to Major General Lejeune, commanding the Second Division. Lejeune ordered that all charges of desertion and fraudulent enlistment be dropped and that Barrett be restored to duty and rank of sergeant since his action had resulted entirely from his desire to serve in combat.

After he was cleared of all charges, Barrett got plenty of action. In September he participated in action in the St. Mihiel offensive, in October on the



Champagne front, and at the time of the Armistice, was in action in the Argonne.

At Blanc Mont on October 9th, Barrett went far beyond the call of duty and vindicated his escapade of the past by serving with "distinguished and exceptional gallantry in action."

"At the risk of his own life," the citation from General Lejeune reads, "Sgt. Barrett rescued many wounded of another regiment from a field swept by heavy shell and machine gun fire. By his coolness and daring he inspired his comrades to go to the assistance of the wounded and thus was the means of saving many lives."

His company commander promoted him to gunnery sergeant and recommended him for both the Distinguished Service Cross and a commission. For this same action he was cited by General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the AEF, and awarded the Croix-de-Guerre and citation by Marshal Petain, Commander of the Armies of France.

These citations and awards were not made until after the Armistice when Barrett was serving with the Sixth Marines in the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, Germany. The regiment re-



turned to the States on August 6th, 1919, and on August 13th, Barrett was discharged at Quantico, Va. with a good conduct medal.

The second part of the story begins here. It concerns Barrett's 16-year battle to have his records corrected and to collect pay for the four months he served with the Army. From the time he left the Eighth Marines until he was paid off on discharge he had not received a cent of pay. Even then, the final settlement only included the time covered since his return to the Marines in France.

This unusual case took more than the usual regulations to untangle it. Legally he could not be paid by the Marine Corps for the time he had been absent from duty. Under Army regulations, any man found to be a deserter from the Navy or Marine Corps is not entitled to pay for his time in the Army. Barrett had signed the payroll in the 116th Engineers, but the money was returned by the company commander. This is the pivot around which the long battle revolved, because the Army maintained that since Barrett had signed the payroll, he had also been paid.

THE fact that General Lejeune, as Commander of the Second Army Division, had ordered that Barrett be restored to duty and rank and that all charges against him be dropped, had voided any record of desertion or fraudulent enlistment. Barrett never stood court-martial for his action.

Upon discharge, ex-gunny Barrett had returned to his pre-war occupation, police work, as a member of the Plant Protection Force of a steel company in Pittsburgh. He corresponded regularly with the Marine Corps and the War Department in regard to his pay account. Finally he had to take the case to Congress and request that an act be passed to reimburse him for his four months of service in the Army.

Several Congressmen became interested in the case, among them Clark Thompson, Representative from Texas. Thompson was a Marine Reserve officer and had been a corporal in the 105th Company, Eighth Marines at the time of Barrett's desertion. As the bill for payment was originally presented, Barrett was to have received payment from the Army equal to his pay as a sergeant in the Marine Corps, although had not actually held any rank in the Engineers higher than private. Such a bill could not have been approved and so it had to be rewritten.

After several more tries the bill got through the House and Senate, only to be vetoed in 1934 by President Roosevelt because of the statement by the War Department that their records showed that Barrett had been paid. Another investigation was made and the War Department admitted that the original payroll bore the notation concerning receipt of Barrett's pay by the company commander.

While all this was going on, the War Department notified Barrett that he had been belatedly awarded the Silver Star Medal for his citation by General Pershing. The DSC was never awarded.

Upon clarification of the non-payment situation in the Army due to his transfer to the Marine Corps, the

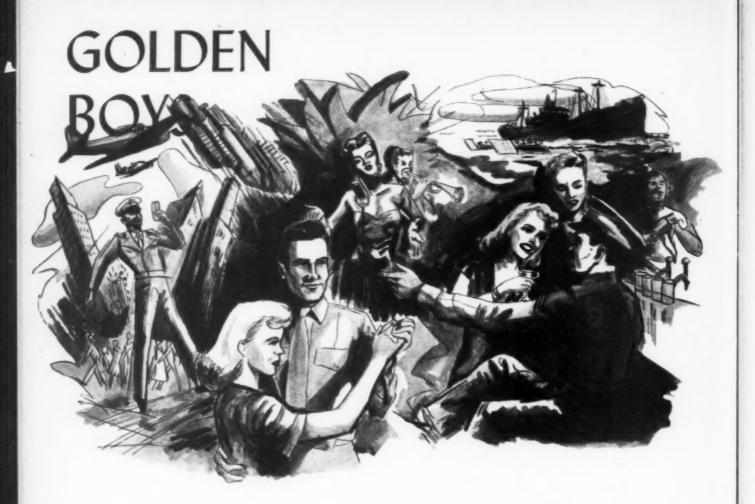


House and Senate passed a corrected bill and on July 22, 1935, Miles Thomas Barrett, ex-gunnery sergeant, received from the General Accounting Office a draft on the Treasury for \$109.85, four months pay as a private in the Army. It had taken him 16 years and \$500 of his own money to square accounts with the Army.

"It was the principle of the thing I was fighting for," observed Barrett later, "the government owed me some back pay and I was out to collect it. That's all there was to it."

During the long seige, Barrett had come to Washington and taken civil service work as a federal guard to be near the scene of the action. This guard duty had been with TVA, the Treasury, and the Library of Congress. He was recently retired.

But Fate is often fickle. The whimsical lady dealt Barrett one last hand that brings an ironic finale to the case. On the night of October 31, 1946, Barrett's rooms in Washington were looted and among the missing items was a leather case containing all of his original signed citations, and medals; Croix-de-Guerre, Silver Star, German Occupation, and Marine Good Conduct.



Nothing was too good

for the boys when

they returned to

the States from

bloody Guadalcanal

by Alan Shilin

T happened while I was on Guadalcanal, when the land crabs were coming down from the hills, creeping across roads, and invading the area in which the Sixth Marine Division was quartered.

Most of the Marines remained in their tents during those terrible days, gazing wistfully at the transports riding off walnut-shaped Savo or hunchbacked Tulagi. Some wrote letters, others cleaned their weapons, and others just batted the breeze.

There were seven of us in our tent on this particular afternoon. Someone thought it would be a good idea to hear a story and everyone looked at everyone else expectantly. It was Major Allison who spoke first. Peering through the netting of the tent at the transports offshore, he began his tale.

"It is inevitable." said the major, "that I say something about Guadal-canal. Here we are, with transports riding offshore waiting to carry us into combat close to the heart of Japan. This is February, 1945. But I can recall December, 1942, when on this same

island I waited with my gear around me to be taken aboard transports that were destained to carry us home! That's right! Transports just like the ones out there—but waiting to carry us home!

"You couldn't have made me believe then that I would see Guadalcanal again—that I would be waiting here to board ship for what may be the last big blow of the war!

"I confess that I have a kind of affection for Guadalcanal that not even the stench of land crabs can destroy. Naturally, none of you can share it with me. Gunner Ryan has the same feeling for Tarawa. McRae has his own for Bougainville. And each of you has his own, whether for Saipan, Eniwetok, Cape Gloucester, Peleiu, or Guam, But who among you will deny that Guadalcanal is the patriarch of them all? Who will deny that Guadalcanal has a special place all its own?

"On Tarawa, more Marines died in 48 hours than died here during the six months of fighting. You would need to multiply the Tarawa casualties to arrive at the bloody totals of Saipan or Peleliu. Even now, on Iwo Jima, they say more Marines are being killed or wounded than at Tarawa and Saipan together.

"It would seem then that Guadalcanal would become a hazy memory as these new, bloodier, more sensational operations occur. But I repeat again: Guadalcanal has a niche in history from which it can never be removed.

"The Guadalcanal days were primeval ones. We lived in complete darkness then, and man has more fear of darkness than he has of machine guns. Remember that Guadalcanal was the first. Remember that many of the Marines who came to this island were only five or six months removed from civilian life. They had not had time to receive the benefits of tropical indoctrination. Their weapons were of the last war.

"At night, during the early hours following the landing, we clung to the company radios and listened to commentators in the States announce that they expected us to be annihilated shortly. There was every reason for believing it. Offshore, Nip warships prowled at will,—sinking anything that dared enter Tulagi Harbor. Before our Marine aviators took over Henderson Field, the sky belonged to the Japanese. We were dropped on this strange and terrible island and we were here—alone!

"AT night, in the darkness of the jungle, a man derived such a sense of being alone in a forgotten world that, having once experienced it, he is not likely to ever forget it. Our isolation was absolute! The weight of the night, the sounds of the jungle, the damp breath of the vegetation—all were hostile to us; all served to strengthen the walls of our solitary prison.

"At Iwo Jima today, our fleet stretches for miles offshore and every conceivable type of friendly aircraft blackens the sky.

"But we knew none of these comforts. We fought a cruel, resourceful, and victorious enemy. Singapore, Manila, Soerabaya were fresh in their evil minds. We fought a jungle even more hostile than the Nip himself. And we won! Despite all that we lacked, we destroyed the enemy and checked his design for world conquest once and forever.

"All of you have walked down the beach toward Cape Esperance. You have seen the hundreds of rotted Nip landing craft, the sunken cargo ships, the beached transports. But for a few starving Nip survivors back in the hills, those derelicts are all that remain of the most hallowed campaign of this war. Yes, only the dregs remain.

"But don't get me wrong! This is not



a plea for recognition. This is not a lament by any means. In return for the price we paid on the island, we were amply rewarded. We, more than any other troops in this war, were 'The Golden Boys.'

"Late in February, 1943, many of us stood at the rail of a transport passing through the Golden Gate. Small boats

were frolicking alongside, blowing their whistles. Airplanes zoomed over us at mast height. I tell you the air was filled with a song of welcome. The customs officials were positively indignant when we suggested that they look

into our luggage.

'We were whisked to Marine Headquarters at 100 Harrison Street like a band of visiting dignitaries. There we shook hands with hundreds of people who had gathered to greet us, Old Marines who had fought at Belleau Wood and the Argonne came down to Headquarters to clasp our shoulders and give us their blessings. Flash bulbs went off like firecrackers on the Fourth of July. The representatives of air lines awaited our pleasure. We had priorities so high that you couldn't find their arabic numeral equivalents. Could they fly us somewhere? Forget the weight of your baggage-it would be our privilege, they said.

"Ah yes, we were The Golden Boys

"Waiting for us outside were station wagons with pretty female drivers at their helms, the first WRs we had ever seen. They drove us to our hotel and waited below. At the hotel, the manager came out, a flower in his buttonhole and an ambrosia-eating grin on his face, beaming with pleasure at having captured such a prize. Then we went upstairs.

"What a world of magic was a hotel room! We turned on the taps just to watch the cool, clean water pour out. We filled the tub and gathered around it to watch in silent awe. Some of us, I confess couldn't resist the sheets—those beautiful, white, billowy sheets.

We stuffed some into our valises. We bounced on the mattresses, turned the radios on full blast, tried the electric light switches. We rang for room service just to see the bellhop! We ordered drinks, and while we waited, we stood at the window and looked out on an American city. Then we started to make long-distance telephone calls—to Chicago, New York, Atlanta, Kansas City, Spokane. It was too much all at once. We couldn't begin to grasp what we were doing.

"That night we roamed through the city of San Francisco, and what a magnificent city it is. We went up to Nob Hill and wallowed in the luxury of the Fairmount and the Mark. We had drinks at the "Top of the Mark." We didn't miss going into one door in the International Settlement. We had one dinner after another—Chinese, Italian, Portuguese, French. Never were we permitted to buy our drinks or food. Strangers fought for the check.

"NEXT day, we dispersed, each in his own direction. We were off to enjoy 30 days' leave. After ten days, more than half of our number were in Navy hospitals, down with malaria. But wherever we went, we were heroes! Nothing that anyone could do for us was too much. If we told a reporter that we had killed a Jap at the Tenaru, we read next day that we had massacred a battalion at the Matanikau!

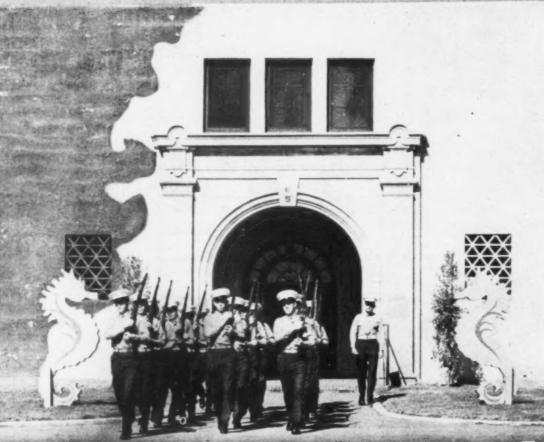
"Everything we touched turned to

"I was married shortly after returning to the States. Then I was stationed at Camp Lejeune, as an instructor. After a year, my wife informed me that I was going to become a father. Happy? How can I describe it? Everything—yes, everything—turned to gold.

"A few weeks before the baby was born I received orders. I packed one night and the next found me on my way overseas again. I had never seen my baby daughter. I joined the division here on Guadalcanal.

"So here I am again; once more at the bottom of the world. But Guadalcanal and I have both aged and grown wiser since the day I sat on the beach and watched the transports riding offshore, waiting to take me home. Guadalcanal has accepted its fate and so have I. It's no longer a wild and terrible island, although the crabs and the sun are still here. Its surface is laced with roads and bridges, broken by tents and warehouses, Ships ride off its shores in security, Its sky is clear.

"We have memories, we two! This was the ebony island—the heart of darkness—that found its way into history. And I was one of its Golden Boys"



Sea School.

where the cream of the boot camp crop goes for a post-graduate course in the time-honored traditional duties of a ship's detachment. Polish and precision dominate

by Sgt. Lindley 5. Allen

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

In this age of rocket ships, jet planes and atomic bombs it is easy to overlook the fact that a small portion of Marines are still performing essentially the same duties for which the Corps was organized back in 1775. These Marines are the web-footed soldiers of the sea, the detachments which help to man Uncle Sam's warships. The original resolution before the Continental Congress which ereated the Marine Corps stated:

"Resolved that two battalions of Marines be raised . . . That particular care be taken that no persons be appointed to officers or enlisted in said battalions but such as are good seamen or so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve with advantage at sea when required . . ."

Although service at sea is no longer of such paramount interest to the Corps, the Navy still demands a certain number of sea-going Marines for their fighting ships. In order to meet these requirements and to make certain that Marines going to sea are familiar with their duties, the Corps maintains

two sea schools. One of them is at the Norfolk Navy Shipyard, and the other at San Diego's Recruit Depot. While in school, prospective saltwater soldiers receive an intensive, three-week indoctrinary course in which the subjects taught range from damage control to sea terms and expressions.

At San Diego, recruits who have completed their ninth week of boot camp are permitted to volunteer for sea duty. After their drill instructors have submited their names, they are interviewed by Master Sergeant Robert G. Mason, sergeant major of the Sea School detachment. He gives the volunteers a thorough grilling asking such questions as: How much schooling have you had? Why did you join the Marine Corps? Mason winds up his quiz routine with a \$64 question: Why do you want to go to sea? "Travel and adventure," the old familiar theme that recruiting posters carry, is the usual answer to this one. Surprising as it may seem, a number of the volunteers are ex-sailors who have re-enlisted in the Marine Corps.

The main purpose of the interview is to give Mason a chance to meet each man personally, to judge his neatness and military bearing, and to see if he can answer simple questions without stuttering and stammering. After the interview, the Sarge takes the boots out on the parade ground for a brief period of close order drill. Then he goes into a huddle with the platoon's drill instructor before making his final selection. Sometimes, when there is a doubt about an individual, his classification card is checked. It's no cinch to get into this school and the man who qualifies may be proud to have made the

Boots selected are fitted for blues before they leave Recruit Depot on furlough. Their uniforms are sent to the tailor shop for alterations and by the time a man reports in after his leave, everything is squared away so that he may begin his training period without any interruptions.

Unlike the war years, gunnery no longer plays an important part in San Diego's Sea School curriculum.



Sea-going Marines have long been famed for their gunnery excellence and have on many occasions out-shot Navy gun

crews aboard ship. Present day Sea School students, shown here, man the depot saluting battery to honor dignitaries



Constant drill and extensive knowledge of weapons is the deciding factor when Marines man their batteries







Study of compartmentation is made easy for students by the frequent use of a transparent plastic model

In those grim days a Marine might find himself peppering away at a Jap Kamikaze plane within a couple of weeks after reporting aboard ship for duty. He had to know the functioning of his gun whether it was a 20- or 40-mm. or a five-inch dual purpose. Large classes, sometimes totaling as many as 500 men were rushed to our fighting ships as soon as possible. There was

little time for anything but gun drill.

Today, although the constant turnover in personnel still requires the rapid graduation of men from Sea School, recruits are no longer expected to know gunnery. The peacetime Navy has plenty of time to teach them that after they have reported for duty to the officer of the deck. Sea School now concerns itself with presenting a thorough

background in the functions of the Marine detachments afloat. Emphasis is placed on guard and orderly duty, watches, ship nomenclature, ceremonies, naval customs, and the difference between a four-striper and an ensign.

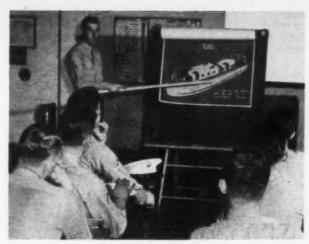
An individual responsibility lies on the shoulders of the Marine who spends part of his cruise with the Fleet. One eightball can foul-up the small 40- or



Nowhere in the Marine Corps is the ritual of "Sweep and Swab" more evident than in Sea School's ship-shape area



Complicated exhibition drill is a snap for sea-cadets after three weeks training with a salty drill sergeant



Sergeant Kammel indoctrinates the lads in nautical lore and sea craft in preparation for their new life afloat



Marines at sea must learn to tell time by the bells and the hours of a 24-hour day. This chart clock simplifies it

50-man detachments. Each sea-going Marine has certain duties to perform, and if he can't handle them, gets sick or dopes off, the whole detachment suffers. It means that one man has to do the work of two. Unlike other outfits, aboard ship it is difficult to hide an eightball under trivial or unimportant work.

High ranking naval officers may judge the whole Corps by the caliber of their Marine orderlies. The orderly's responsibilities often require quick thinking and an unusual alertness not found in ordinary duty. He may have occasion to deliver messages where accuracy is essential and where a mistake might prove disastrous. Occasionally, he may possess highly confidential information which must not be divulged. He must be smart, neat, courteous, and proficient in his work. It's a good job for a diplomat.

What are the advantages of going to sea? According to Captain Richard M. Elliott, San Diego's Sea School Skipper, quick rates are not the attraction as in prewar years. There are no longer special ship's warrants. Instead, Headquarters allocates authority for rates on a percentage basis, and a man who hopes to make a speedy climb on the rating ladder has as good a chance ashore as he has afloat.

BUT there are certain definite benefits in going to sea. Two years aboard a man-of-war is an excellent background for a career in the Corps. You can usually pick out a former seagoing Marine in any outfit. He may be slightly neater. His posture may be better. He may take better care of his uniform and his appearance may be a trifle more military than the man standing next to him in ranks. These

attributes are stressed 24 hours a day while he is aboard ship.

Then there is the old recruiting comeon of travel and education. It's the femiliar line that all enlistees get, but actually it's straight dope. Civilians pay thousands of dollars to visit the ports where sea-going Marines may disembark during the course of a routine cruise. And all hands receive that 20 per cent boost in pay while they are part of a ship's detachment.

Only in the last 30 or 40 years has the chief function of the Marine Corps shifted from its duties aboard naval vessels to large scale amphibious operations and land campaigns as exemplified by the Fleet Marine Force. Until the Spanish-American War, sea duty absorbed the greater part of the Corps' enlisted strength and most of the junior officers. As one early naval officer put it, "the Marines impart a high military character to the crews, and at all times they sustain and protect the stern and necessary discipline of the ship by their organization, distinctive character, training, and I might add, natures."

In those early days, if the Navy didn't land the Marines to chase Barbary pirates out of Mediterranean strongholds, it used them on the fighting tops where they shot down enemy officers with their rifles. Sea-going Marines were an integral part of the infant Navy. Of John Paul Jones' crew of 380 aboard the famed Bon Homme Richard, 137 were Marines. Jones' ship swapped cannonballs with the British frigate Serapis, 67 of his Marines were killed or wounded. In that fight, a Marine crawled out on a yardarm, and tossed a hand grenade into an open hatch of the English warship. It exploded a powder chest and hastened the British surrender.

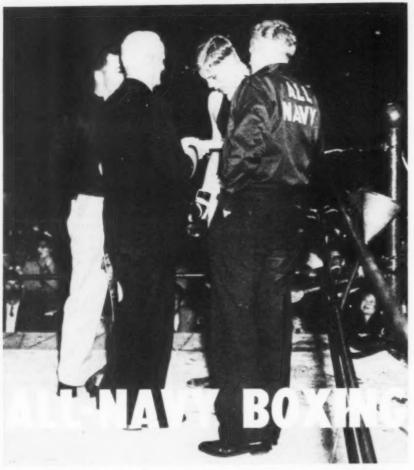
One of the most important jobs of the early sea-going detachments was the suppression of mutinies. The men who made up the crews in those days often rebelled at harsh, naval discipline. A well-trained, military outfit was essential to guard the ship. That need has long since vanished.

IN 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt issued an executive order describing the Corps' duties and omitted all reference to its service on board vessels of the Navy. In compliance with the executive order more than 2000 Marines were transferred ashore, and their vacancies were filled by an equal number of naval personnel.

But Congress made known its desires by including in the next naval appropriation bill the proviso that no money could be expended for the Marine Corps unless Marines were returned to duty aboard ship.

Ships of the Fleet, ready to sail to any foreign shore in the world, always have furnished impressive and instantly available armed strength to back the notion's diplomacy. On such missions a ship might find itself about as well prepared for its assignment minus its main battery as without adequate provision for a small but well trained landing force.

Even though the wartime execution of large scale amphibious landings has become the function of the Fleet Marine Force, one suspects that as long as the Navy exists its Marines will be helping to man the guns, serving as orderlies to the flag, playing a conspicuous part in shipboard ceremonies, adding to the military efficiency of ships' crews, and providing a nucleus of trained riflemen for the ships' landing forces.



Heavyweight PFC Joe Connell, USS Mississippi, receives the runner-up belt from Admiral Nimitz as Joe's handlers console him over his quick KO in the final bout

by Sgt. Spencer Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE Corps wasn't able to salvage one title out of the All-Navy Boxing championships, which were held at Balboa Stadium, San Diego, Calif., in early May.

It's the stone cold truth, Mates. Leave us face it. We walked in and before we could get our dukes up, they beat our brains out.

Fifteen' Marines qualified for this great yearly event by winning titles in the various district tournaments earlier in the year. They found the going very rough, however, in the big, final tourney. Only 14 competed in the final elimination; one of the men, a middle-weight from overseas, found the wide expanse of the good old USA too enticing—and took off for parts unknown.

This group of men fought a total of 18 bouts, winning four of them; three by decisions and one via the TKO route. They lost 14 bouts; eight by decisions, three by TKOs and three by KOs.

It was a sad blow to the Corps' well established athletic prestige, and a bitter pill to swallow. During the past year and a half we've been eating honey and spice in the All-Navy sports field. After that rich diet, a dose of sulphur 'n lasses is hard to take.

This is definitely not meant to censure that game group of fighters who went down to defeat. If anything, they should be commended. They were, by tournament elimination, the best of the Corps. That they didn't have it was no fault of theirs; they gave their best, but the opposition was too much to overcome.

In the first night's bouts a badly cut eye forced PFC Vern Ford of Camp Pendleton to quit in the third round. Rocky Kriener, his opponent, was out in front on points at the time, and went through subsequent bouts to the finals. Another flyweight, PFC "Red" Davis of Camp Lejeune, took an unanimous

decision over Sailor Marv McAnnally. Davis, a long stringbean for a flyweight, had things pretty well his own way with a long left jab that kept the sailor back on his heels throughout.

In the featherweight class, Corporal Frankie Stellato, out of Quantico, took a split decision from STMI Osborne, NAS, Atlantic City. It was close throughout with Frankie getting the nod because of his aggressive in-fighting PFC Bascom Beasley, Pendleton's feather entry, bowed to Sailor Don Chabot, from Great Lakes. It was an unanimous decision with Chabot out in front all the way.

Our welterweights had it rough from the first bell. Sergeant Pete Calderon, 1st Brigade, Guam, ran into a rugged campaigner, Eddie Mullin, from Great Lakes. Mullin's booming left hook to the body throughout the three rounds netted Navy another unanimous nod.

THE other entry in this weight class, PFC "Irish" Bill O'Brien of Quantico, ran into bad luck on the draw and pulled last year's welter champ as his first opponent. "Hammerin Hank" Herring, Naval Station, San Diego, was the varmint—and what a socker he is. Irish is quite a puncher himself and put on a good first round, although he was knocked down just before the bell. In the second, Herring moved in and with two short hooks, a left and right, belted O'Brien out of the picture. This was Herring's longest fight of the tourney.

The light-heavys brought the first night's bouts to a close, and Master Sergeant Cy Fletcher of the 1st Brigade was the only Marine entry in this class. He drew another tough opponent, TN1 Jimmy DePena of the Severn River Command who went on to win the title. It was DePena all the way, with Fletcher unable to answer the bell for the third round, because of a bad cut on the inside of his lip.

The second night of fighting brought out our bantamweight entries. PFC Santon Alejandro, Fifth Service Depot, Guam, was another who ran into the luck of the draw, pulling Bill Bossio, a seaman from the USS Albany. Bossio was another repeat champion who went through this year's competition in waltz time. His scrap with Santon was a good one, but the decision was again unanimous.

PFC Tommy Otero of MB, NAD, Hastings, the other bantam entry, dropped a split nod to Seaman Gil Sanchez from San Diego's Naval Training Center. Sanchez went on to meet Bossio in the finals.

In the lightweight class PFC Lee Damon lost another decision to Gob Ray Aldridge from Norfolk. It was a



"Hammerin' Hank" Herring, Navy's welterweight champion and a fine Olympic prospect, puts the "quick freeze" on Quantico's Bill O'Brien in the first round

clear cut win all the way for the Navy. PFC Ereno Dominquez, 1st Brigade, Guam, bowed out to Sailor V. Larengina from the USS Mississippi in another unanimous decision bout.

The aforementioned AWOL left the Corps with only one entry in the middleweight division, PFC Hughy Smythe of Quantico. His foe was the hard punching KO artist, Sammy "The Assassin" Williams, NTC San Diego. Smythe mixed it up with Williams in the center of the ring but during a furious exchange, with both men punching hard to the body, Williams shifted his attack to the head, and out of the blue came the bolt of lightning, a hard right to the jaw, which stretched Hughy on the canvas. It was all over in 1:35.

WILLIAMS was the pre-fight favorite to take the middleweight title. His quick KO of Smythe backed up the expert's judgment. They failed to reckon, however, with Sailor Otis Perry from NAS, Quonset Point. Perry, a very rugged lad who likes to stand up and trade punches, failed to see why he should switch tactics against Williams. In the best fight of the tournament, these two lads met in center ring and began punching. The stand-up trading was as good as a Zale-Graziano brawl; but the infighting took the prize. Perry kept pumping lefts and rights to Williams' dinner-bucket, and when, after a few grunts, Sammy's guard would drop to his mid-section, Perry switched his attack to the head and Williams knew his time had come.

Toward the end of the second round Williams had a chance to land his well-thought-of right hand. He bounced it off Perry's jaw, but he may as well have hit the Charley Noble aboard ship. Perry shook it off and kept punching them into Williams' body. After Williams threw his Sunday punch it seemed that the so-called "assassin" knew he couldn't win. Midway in the third round, with Williams laying on the ropes, well bushed and with a closed eye, the referee mercifully stepped in and stopped the fight.

The heavyweight division also included two Marine entries. The first, Sergeant Chuck Katzakian, 12th Ser. Bn., Tsingtao, China, drew CS2 Jimmy Jones of Norfolk. It was a stand up affair, both punching away with Jones getting the better of it. At 2:58 of the first round, it was all over; Jones by a KO.

PFC Joe Connell, from the USS Mississippi, a game youngster with marvelous recuperative powers won on a TKO over Gob Bob Myers in 2:13 of the third round. Connell took his share of punches during the first two rounds, and there were times when it seemed he must go down, but he managed to survive on reserve strength and kept punching, dropping Meyers twice before the referee stopped it.

In the semi-finals, flyweight "Red" Davis ran into a miniature windmill in the person of Jimmy Quinn, a seaman from Great Lakes. Punching from all angles, it was Quinn, all the way for an unanimous decision. He

just clouded up and rained all over the redhead. Quinn went on to take the flyweight title in a final bout with Rocky Kreiner.

Frankie Stellato, Quantico's feather-weight, met Johnny Kamber, a Guam Gob, for the right to go to the finals. Kamber, a sturdy, long-armed boxer, found his reach the deciding advantage in winning a decision over Frankie. Stellato, a stocky lad with short arms, just couldn't get in close enough during the first two rounds to do any damage. In the third it was all Stellato, but even with a knockdown in this stanza to his credit, he couldn't overcome Kamber's two round advantage.

These two losses made Joe Connell the only Corps representative. In his semi-final bout he met Gunners Mate Burton Knight, a lad with a perpetual grin. It was an Embarcadero brawl, with Connell again calling on his great reserve strength to come through with an unanimous decision.

Two nights later, Connell met Jack Woods, Aviation Chief from North Island. Woods, a veteran of ten years of fighting which includes a record of 42 wins and 14 losses in 56 bouts, was too much for Connell. Wise in ring lore and the possessor of a wicked straight right hand punch, Woods disposed of Connell via a TKO in the 1st round. The referee stopped it after Connell had been down three times and arose without taking a count. At the end of the fight he was hanging onto Woods, out on his feet.

All Marine competitors appeared excellent prospects, and they gained invaluable experience. However, short term enlistments are raising havoc with future prospects. Most of the younger men will not be back next year and boxing stables within the Corps will have to start from scratch.

IT takes time to develop a well balanced group of fighters, and the only hope we have of catching up with the Navy in the next year or two is a probable windfall of enlistments with previous amateur and Golden Glove experience. Even with this good fortune, it would take at least a year of persistent coaching and conditioning to have a good, experienced aggregation ready for top-notch competition.

It's a far cry from the pre-war days, before the advent of Special Services, when most organizations had to beg, borrow or purloin boxing gear. Now, practically every outfit is fully equipped with the best in training facilities. But candidates are lacking. There is a need for men who are willing, not only to learn, but to undergo a strict, hard training regimen that will pay off next year and the years after that.



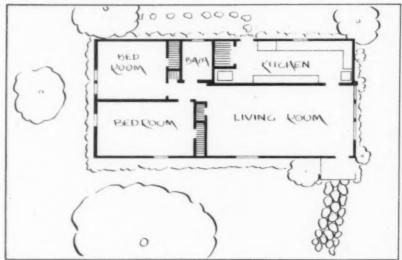
by Lieut. Clifford McCollam USMC

THERE are many more quonset hut experts in the Marine Corps than there are architects drawing pay from the steel company that manufactures this headless-legless elephant.

Quonset hut structures were built in such numbers during the last war that there are few Marines who have not lived within the confines of these oversize Tootsic Roll halves at one time or another. More than 130,000 of the 153,000 quonsets produced during World War II were shipped overseas.

Tropical quonset huts have successfully withstood the ravages of climate, creeping vegetation, and crawling insects. Today they are the basic living unit in the Navy-Marine Corps program of interim housing throughout the Pacific Ocean Area. The basic unit is a 20 by 48 foot structure with two fourfoot pouch extensions. A solid bulkhead at the center is frequently used to divide each hut into a pair of two bedroom homes. This 20 foot wide quonset is also supplied in 24 and 36 foot lengths, providing two and three bedroom homes for individual Marine and Navy families.

Excepting the Philippines, Japan, and the main Hawaiian group, most Pacific Ocean islands offer nothing in readymade civilian housing suitable for quartering American families. At these locations the demand for modern living facilities is generally in excess of the number of units available.



The prominence of quonset huts as the most frequently used type of dwelling for military family housing in this area can be partially attributed to the quonset's combination of unusual qualities.

In addition to rugged durability, its unique design permits it to be transported in a minimum amount of shipping space. Since all component parts are relatively simple, the huts may be erected with great speed. The steel arch rib frame is designed in such a way that outside sheets and interior lining may be nailed directly to the ribs. Two steel strips with an irregular channel groove between them grasp and hold

ordinary nails as they are driven into the ribs.

Most important of all, the quonsets were on the spot and available in the areas in which overseas housing was most needed.

As architectual material, the quonset is versatile and its basic form may be varied for particular needs. This is an important factor to Marines in the Pacific Area who must meet the problems of family housing.

Tropical quonset huts, now being used for family housing at Marine establishments in the Marshall, Caroline, Palau, Marianas and Philippine Islands, are basic reproductions of the

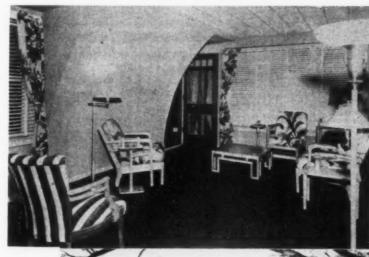


A Marine and his wife relax in tropical comfort at Subic Bay, Philippine Islands. Note the polished, easy to clean, deck and the spacious interior

The lowly Quonset hut can be converted to an attractive modern home



Life can be beautiful in a converted Tootsie Roll. The curved bulkhead is an interior decorator's delight—and the effects possible are limited only by ingenuity and money





Build it yourself. A Marine on Saipan squares away a galley



A home in Subic Bay. The tropical quonset hut is the basic living unit in the Navy-Marine program for interim housing. It defeats climate, creeping vines and insects



Windows of the Marines

"In these Windows of the Marines are represented the pride that has made them the most mysterious and one of the most unconquerable forces in military history.

"In the departed Marines we can see through these windows, we can detect the consummation of that American devotion to liberty and honor by which this has been made a grand nation . . ."

The speaker was the Very Reverend Father Ignatius Smith, Dean of Philosophy of Catholic University. The address was being made at the recent dedication of the new memorial windows in the Catholic and Protestant chapels at Camp Lejeune.

The plan to honor the memory of Marines who were killed during World War II with these windows was conceived by Major General John Marston (retired) while he commanded the big base in 1943. Their presentation was made possible by contributions from Marine divisions, amphibious corps' and other fleet Marine force units of the recent war.

Each pair of windows honors one of the wartime six divisions, the two amphibious corps', Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, and the men who trained at Camp Lejeune. Those in the Protestant Chapel are arranged to depict a series of events in the history of the Marine Corps since its organization. Ten archangels serve as the principle figures. In the Catholic chapel windows, the units are represented by medieval Christians who had been soldiers.

Rear Admiral William N. Thomas, Chief of Navy Chaplains, officiated at the Protestant ceremonies and the Right Reverend Vincent S. Waters Bishop of Raleigh, N. C., conducted the Catholic services. The chapels at Camp Lejeune have new windows dedicated to the honored men of the Corps who gave their lives in War II





General Cates talks with Father Smith and the host, Maj. Gen. Hart of Camp Lejeune, at the services



A scene from the Pontifical High Mass celebrated at the Catholic Chapel in memory of the Marines



Rear Adm. William N. Thomas, Chief Navy Chaplain, gave the dedication sermon in the Protestant Chapel



Santo Tomas University was used by the Japs as a prison during the enemy occupation of the Philippines, but today

the chatter of students is heard again in the halls where harsh commands once ruled miserable prisoners in wartime





Few people are allowed to see the private office and study of the Philippine's president in the "Little White House"

Photos by Sgt. Wm. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

by Vernon Langille

ANILA was nearly half a century old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. She was a portly matron among cities long before Uncle Sam even thought of graduating into long trousers. As capital of the Philippines at the time the islands became an American protectorate, Manila was known as the venerable old lady of the Pacific: aged but spritely; gay and yet dignified; primative and still strictly modern, and blended with the fragrance of American-made perfumes were all the odors of the East.

The hand of Spain lay heavily upon Manila for several centuries and the islands still bear a name which begins with Philip, in honor of Philip II of the Hapsburg House of Kings. She has also suffered under the heel of several other conquerors—the Chinese, Portuguese, Dutch, Americans and Japanese—and only one of these chose to give her benevolent rule.

In 1898, an American military governor replaced the Spanish regime, and for the first time in scores of years, Filipinos who knew well how to hack through medieval armor with their bolo knives turned to the peaceful cutting of copra. A million dollar export business was found to exist in the by-products of a single useful species of palm. A man named Douglas MacArthur trained her army and two American congressmen, Tydings and McDuffie, wrote into law a guarantee for her coming independence.

But when the American garrison surrendered on Corregidor, the Japanese moved in. They swarmed over the land, killing like the plague and poisoning like pestilence. They looted Manila and occupied the beautiful presidential palace; and all the while, in the hearts of the people MacArthur's promise was remembered: "I shall return."

A charred shell, she may again be "Pearl of the Orient"

General MacArthur was the son of the last American military governor of the islands. The place was home to him and he knew it like a book. After the Japanese refusal to accept Manila as an "open city," Army artillery in a few days had leveled the Intramurrois, a walled part of the city which had served the Spaniards as a fort. Japanese demolition squads methodically wasted other more modern sections. When the Americans recaptured the town they found it to be only a charred shell of what they had left in 1942. The capital of a country which had grown in the protective shadow of American power had to be killed by the same hand.

STRIPPED of her one-time luster, the proud "Pearl of the Orient" has lost her place among cities of the East. In cosmological terms, she is comparable to the grain of sand with which a pearl begins. One of the few buildings of any size or importance to escape destruction was Malacanan Palace, which Filipinos affectionately call their "White House." Also undamaged were the beautiful gardens lying directly across the Pasig river from the presidential mansion.

Present residents of the city live in shelled and bombed-out buildings. They have cleaned up much of the rubble including the abandoned impedimenta of war—the halftracks, trucks and tanks. But outside the city limits, these implements of destruction still stand under thickening coats of rust. The farmers plow around them and plant the gardens from which the capital ekes out a part of its existence.

When Sergeant Mellerup, Leatherneck staff photographer, and three liberty-going Marines visited Manila to obtain the photographs appearing on these pages, they passed a battered, windowless, broken-down building that was bustling with unusual activity.

"And what goes on there?" the party

"There?" inquired their escort. "I thought you knew all about that. The senate is meeting today on reconstruction."

There is no doubt in anybody's mind in Manila that the Pearl of the Orient will someday regain its former luster.

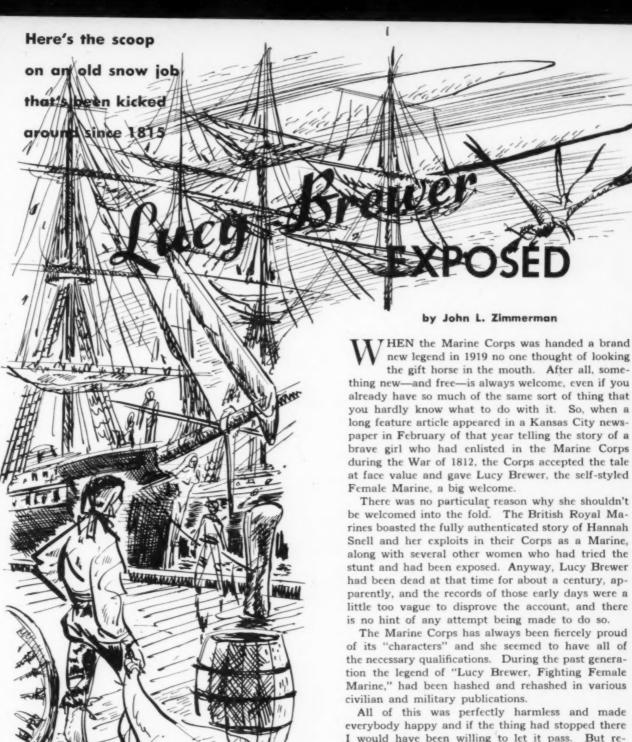


This catwalk, with a Japanese sentry pacing back and forth, was a familiar sight to POWs who sweated out the occupation in the infamous Bilibid prison



Wanton destruction of public buildings, like the one seen in background above, was ruthlessly executed by Japs, who refused to accept Manila as an "open city"





everybody happy and if the thing had stopped there I would have been willing to let it pass. But recently someone told me that when the WR area in Camp Lejeune was laid out back in 1943, one of the main streets was called Lucy Brewer Avenue—and that changed everything.

I think it would have been wise if someone had looked into the matter of Lucy before nailing up the street markers.

To begin with, the story looks very much like a fake. There is no evidence to be found that shows that such a person as Lucy ever existed—let alone that she ever served aboard the U. S. Frigate Constitution. The Marine Corps' part of it is only a small segment of what is otherwise a pretty trashy piece of fiction. In fact, it is about halfway between a highly moral tract and the kind of paperbacked stories that some boot is always bringing into the squad room. It goes about as follows:

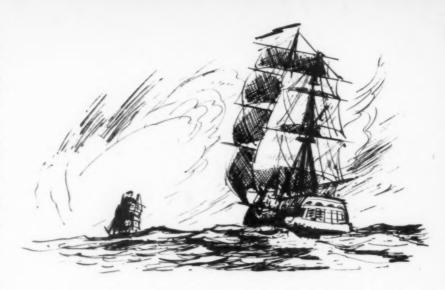
Lucy was led astray when she was a youngster living in Plymouth County, Mass. The young neighbor backed out of his end of the bargain and Lucy, to get away from her family, went to Boston. She had a rough time there for a short while, but one day she was taken in by a kindly middle-aged woman who lived in a large house with many daughters, who all appeared to be about the same age. She stayed for a few weeks with this interesting family, which did a great deal of entertaining. When she was about to take off, with profuse thanks, the "mother" pulled her up short and gave her the word on a few things which seemed to have escaped her simple Plymouth County attention. In other words, Lucy was told that she had run up a certain indebtedness which could be liquidated quite easily if she would only listen to reason.

Lucy listened. It took three years of entertaining to work off her indebtedness. The war of 1812 had gripped the young republic when one of her patrons, a Marine lieutenant, gave her the idea for her great adventure. Over a convivial glass of port they discussed the experiences of Deborah Sampson, who served undetected as a man for three years in the Continental Army, and later wrote of the means by which she had concealed her

It was the ligutenant's opinion that the same thing could be accomplished by a contriving woman who desired to serve at sea. With a little assistance a suit of sailor's clothing was procured and hidden in Lucy's room, and early the next morning the adventurous wench began her masquerade as a man. In a waterfront tavern "Old Ironsides" officers were recruiting a new crew. Lucy recalled the instructions contained in the Sampson booklet and decided to enlist.

She succeeded in getting past the ship's doctor by employing an "artful stratagem" although she neglects to tell us just what that may have been. She then served through three of the toughest sea fights in American naval history, and was paid off shortly after the last of these—the engagement between the Constitution and the British sloops Cyane and Levant.

The story gets murkier and more



complicated as it continues. First, there is a great reunion with her dishonored family. They immediately forgive all. A-short spell at home, however, makes her restless and she dons man's clothing-no explanation of why she does so-and sets out for New York. On the way she has occasion to abash a young dastard who is making free with an innocent young girl-and of course this incident leads to a meeting with the girl's family. Of course, the family includes a handsome young brother as old as Lucy, and of course he finds her shortly afterward, following a series of fancy coincidences. Then there is a touching scene in which her past is revealed and he forgives it-by this time you can practically smell the orange blossoms.

This classic is contained in a series of small pamphlets which made their appearance in the Summer of 1815. Succeeding chapters were issued in various New England cities for five or six years. The first of them was entitled "An Affecting Narrative -Louisa Baker." It was followed almost at once by "The Adventures of Lucy Brewer," in which the author says that the Louisa Baker was a nom de plume and that Lucy Brewer is the name that appears in the family Bible. These two were put together under the title of "The Female Marine." The three little volumes seem to have dropped out of sight and public interest for nearly a century. Any one of them is a collector's item now.

As far as the Marine Corps part of the tale goes—and that is the part we are really interested in—there is every indication that it is a fake. As we have seen, there is no evidence that such a person ever existed, and it is impossible to trace her in the muster rolls of the Marine Detachment for the period since she neglects to tell us what alias she used. (The names George Baker and George Brewer have been dreamed up by feature article writers since 1919.)

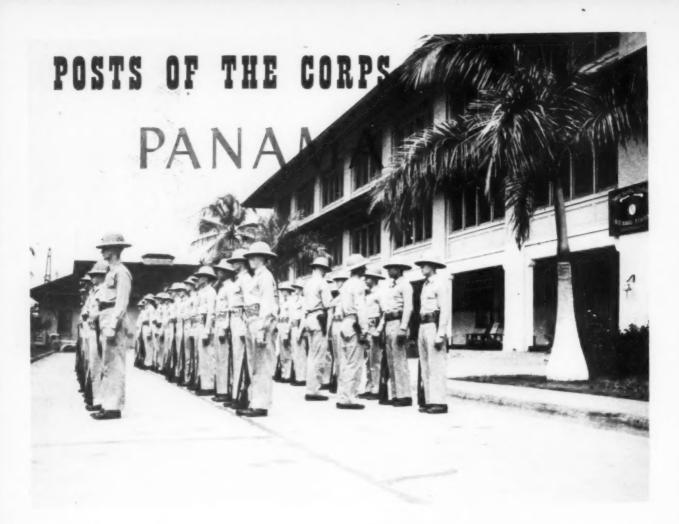
However, at first reading there is a convincing quality about her description of the sea fight between "Old Ironsides" and the British ship Guerriere. As a matter of fact, it is so well done that it aroused my suspicions when first I saw it.

For the fight took place within a few days after the good Lucy had reported aboard for her first experience with the sea. She was the rawest of raw recruits, although she says that she was a first class rifle shot—presumably firing well above average from the prone position—and she had had no time whatever to master the technical language of the sea that was current in sailing days. And yet, there is little lacking in her description of the fight.

"We first stood an easterly course, in hopes of falling in with a British frigate cruising in that direction . . We passed near the Isle of Sables, and took station off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, near Cape Race, to intercept vessels bound thither to or from Canada . . . On the 18th at 2 P.M. a vessel was discovered to the southward . . . At 3 P.M. it could plainly be perceived that she was a ship, under easy sail, close hauled to the wind . . . At 5 minutes before 6 P.M. our ship got alongside, within pistol shot . . . a brisk firing . . . from all her guns, whichwere double shotted with round and grape . . ."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)





by Corp Paul W. Hicks, Jr.

The canal—engineering masterpiece of a bygone day—
is flanked by Colon and Balboa,
twin tropical metropoli

PHOTOS AY SGE GEORGE E. DICK

T was Rudyard Kipling who made the poetic prophesy that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." Apparently England's bard of the imperialistic mind had never been to the Canal Zone. The Marines there who watch over the Panama Canal which joins the Atlantic with the Pacific, see the meeting of East and West nearly every work day of their lives.

Marines were first sent to Panama during that blustery decade of political unrest which plagued south-of-the-border countries at the turn of the 20th Century. Led by such now legendary figures as Lejeune and Butler, they popped up in Nicarauga, Santa Domingo, Mexico and China to stand by American commitments and put teeth into U. S. foreign policy. They came to Panama in 1903 to protect the new Panamanian government against big and ominous Columbia from which it had recently won independence.

The Canal Zone, a 40-mile strip which spans the Isthmus of Panama and belongs to Uncle Sam, was acquired by this country after it was certain that the French had given up their attempt to construct a ditch across it. The famous French engineer, Count Ferdinand De Lessepps, builder of the Suez Canal, expected to duplicate his feat in this hemisphere. When De Lessepps failed, the Americans took over the French land grant





A Pacific-bound freighter steams through the Culebra cut. During the war Marine guards were posted on every merchantman traveling through the canal

The famed Altar of Gold, once dismantled and hidden from raiding pirates, now stands in the Panama City Cathedral



Most of the statues in Panama City are dedicated to the memory of famous folk, but a rooster inspired the one above



TURN PAGE 43

and gouged out their own ditch to connect the two strategic oceans.

Completed in 1913, the Big Ditch has twice funneled troops and materials to battle theatres in two major wars—World War I and II. In both instances, Marines maintained security of the canal and guarded it against sabotage. The waterway, however, has lost some of its wartime prestige. The Navy is outgrowing it. There are already carriers of the fleet which cannot pass through its locks.

PRIOR to the Second World War, the Isthmus had only two small Marine garrisons. One, attached to the old submarine base at Coco Solo, had been in operation since shortly after World War I; the other, more recently established, is at the Naval Ammunition depot, Balboa, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. By November, 1943, 1400 men occupied the Canal Zone.

Probably the most important duty of wartime Panamarines was the transient guard, which required a force comprising nearly half the personnel of Panama. The "Transiteers," as they called themselves, provided boarding parties which were then required on every merchant vessel passing through the Ditch. Parties varied in number depending upon the size, nationality and cargo of the ship. Stationed from

fo'estle to fantail, the Transiteers kept an eye on the vessel and the canal; prohibiting picture taking and sketching. They also enforced canal regulations regarding smoking and conduct and displacement of crew and passengers.

Since the war, the general policy of manning transient guards has been discontinued, except in cases where courtesy guards are provided ships carrying important visitors of state, high-ranking military officials or members of the foreign diplomatic corps. Several other guard posts were abandoned about the same time, among them a mounted guard on a Canal Zone radio station within the interior and War Dog guards maintained after dark at some of the more strategically valuable spots isolated in the semi-jungle.

The major activities for Panama's 500-man guard force today centers around the Naval Submarine Base at Rodman. The Balboa force maintaining security on the Naval Ammunition depot is only half a mile away. Here the Marines live in large, modern three-story barracks buildings set out among palm-lined roadways, a swimming pool and slopshute complete with outdoor terrace. "Cervesza" is the principal refreshment, Panamanian beer which according to some of the most discreet connoisseurs has no equal.

The vast improvements acheived throughout the American Canal Zone have done much to make Panama one of the best duty stations in the Caribbean. A modern railroad runs on a daily schedule and a concrete highway links the major naval installations, Coco Solo, near Colon, and Balboa, near Panama City. Both serve as Marine liberty towns.

At the Rodman base, Navy and Marine authorities have collaborated to set up recreation centers, gymnasiums and a varity of clubs open to both the tight-panted and khaki-clad members of the naval family. The "White Hat" has Marines on its board of directors as well as on the stools at the cervesza fountain. Dances are held at the club with a theater, restaurant and soda fountain nearby. The theater features a free Sunday matinee to help Marines kill time during the rainy season which consists mostly of afternoon showers.

BEING a tropical post with three-cycle weather divided into morning, afternoon and night rains, except for the times when barometeric confusion sets in and it rains all day and all night, recreation schedules are often turned topsy-turvey. Baseball and basketball are the chief sports and all three services on the Canal Zone participate in them—Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Due to the intense heat, football is not included on the sports schedules and the fall of each year finds Panamarines following their favorite gridiron eleven by AFRS rebroadcasts.

During the hot, dry months of the Panamanian winter, when football and basketball hold sway north of the Texas border, Marines in Panama are on the baseball diamond. In the late winter and early spring of nineteen hundred and forty-seven, BC (before Chandler), Leo Durocher brought his Brooklyn Dodgers to Panama for training. They played a service all-star team which had six Marines on its lineup. "Lippy," who filled in at shortstop, called off his Bums after they had run up a score of 17-0. At the time, you could have collected odds on the Dodgers' pennant chances from any serviceman in

Looking forward to the 1948 sports season, the Panamarines are hoping to equal their last year's records in both basketball and rifle marksmanship, the departments in which they excelled last year. Corporal Johnny Schwartz of Green Bay, Wis., paced the Marine cagers to a second place in the Department League, and Technical Sergeant "Gunny" Davis coached the Balboa Barracks rifle team to victory and the Elliot Trophy. The visitor does not cool his heels long at the detachment before he is informed of these facts. He may even be ushered out immediately to view the silver cup in its case in the barracks library.



Two Marines survey the ruins of a Spanish execution chamber, in which the doomed were sealed tight and drowned by the rising tide, a six hour ordeal



Some evidence of the thwarted French effort to repeat their feat at Suez



This 15-foot alligator, on display at a leather factory, will make fine pieces of luggage. A native, left, holds a stuffed iguana, member of the lizard family

Another source of pride for the Panamarine is the fact that he occupies one of the oldest Marine Corps bases in the Caribbean, not to mention that it is among the most colorful. Panama's history dates back to the Spanish Conquistadores, Francisco Pizzaro, Vasco De Balboa and their adventuresome comrades. It was from this tiny, jungled country that the Spanish launched their campaign against the Incas of Peru, relieving them of their gold, silver and jewels. All the booty was brought back to Panama City and stored there before being shipped to Spain. The loot never reached the coffers of Castille because of the efforts of an Englishman named Henry Morgan.

Morgan organized a band of bloodthirsty pirates to sack the town. They lifted everything they could find including the Peruvian fortune. They destroyed villages and everybody in them, or almost everybody. In each case they spaced a few desirable senoritas. About the only single article of any value which Morgan's men did not steal was the gold altar in the Cathedral of San Jose. Church prelates dismantled and hid it before the pirates got there. Years later the altar was restored.

The smoke-blackened ruins of old

Panama City are still a feature attraction for tourists, and even the Marines have made frequent visits to the deserted stone piles. One of the most interesting sights is a Spanish execution chamber dug seven feet below the ground level and connected by a long pipe to the sea. Hapless victims who were forced to sit in it had only to wait for the rising tide.

Hardly anyone seemed able to beat the rap in those days.



A group of Marines and their guests fish from the detachment's own boat



Panama City is known as the "Shanghai of the Caribbean." Centreal Street, its main thoroughfare, is lined with business establishments—most of them are bars

by Sgt. Nolle T. Roberts

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ARINES who had sipped their suds in quonset huts and tents all over the world stood in the hat check line with beardless youngsters, fresh from P.I. The important occasion was the recent formal opening of the Enlisted Club at Quantico.

It was another "first," the culmination of the Marine Corps' best effort to provide enlisted personnel with club facilities equal to any found in either military or civilian life.

The first-nighters and their guests landed in a spacious and handsome two-deck building in which a large expenditure of funds, careful planning, and tasteful decoration had been combined to provide amazing and satisfying results.

A half-million dollars went into the club which had been conceived by General Clifton B. Cates when he commanded Quantico. The project had the approval of former Commandant, General A. A. Vandegrift. On its opening night it was officially dedicated to the members of the Corps who were killed in World War II.

Miss Genivieve Hendrix, in charge of the interior design, was instructed to make the club a cheerful and charming place for enlisted personnel and their guests. From the massive murals to the solid oak occasional tables beside the leather covered settees, the decorations and furnishings are as handsome and luxurious as unlimited funds and skilled designers could make them. Blonde wood and pastel colors create a smart, festive tone. Indirect lighting softens the over-all appearance



The tasteful and luxurious furnishings found in the lounge are typical results of the effort to make the club perfect



A huge mural which hangs above the dance floor on the 2nd deck depicts the West Coast from Tia Juana to Alaska





The exterior of the Enlisted Club is so impressive that a Quantico newcomer recently reported in at the club, thinking it was the administration building!

Marines of all pay grades get a new half-million dollar club

and air conditioning insures comfort throughout any season.

The first floor of the brick building is devoted to the cafeteria, soda fountain, bar, cloak room and lounge. The largest television screen available will be added as soon as one can be purchased.

A mural, depicting a map of the world and places where Marines have served, cover walls on one side of the cafeteria. Paintings of combat scenes from World War II and other activities of Corps personnel also decorate the walls.

The second deck is a huge dance floor flanked by tables, an orchestra stand, and twin 30-foot bars. A mural overlooking the dance floor depicts the sun setting on the West Coast with important points from Tia Juana to Alaska indicated.

The third deck is devoted to executive offices.

Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., commanding general at Quantico, presided at the dedication of the club which is open to all active duty, and retired enlisted personnel and their guests, regardless of their duty station.



Quantico's Major General and Mrs. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., lead the chow line. Food was "on the house" opening night



The club's 1st deck contains bar, soda bar and cafeteria.
The largest television screen available will be installed



MSgt. Harry Bartley, his wife, and club manager, Lieut.

T. A. Sawacki. Bartley has more than 40 years in Corps



PFC Clyde Ferguson and Loretta Adams of Quantico sit beneath mural showing spots where Marines served



Semper Idem

Back in the Old Corps things were different. Even boots were men in those days. No eightballs, no Yemassee birds, no knucklehaided stupes. Oh, yeah! Letter No. 54

Frigate UNITED STATES Decr. 18th, 1798

Sir:

I have the pleasure of addressing you on the Situation of the Detachment with me. Mr. Darley had received . . . six recruits . . . & am sorry to remark that they have the same appearance as the former squad, composed chiefly of Idiots and Invalids; of those first sent on, one is now discovered to be ruptured; of the latter, one is subject to fits, & another disabld on his feet, whilst a third is ordered on Shore by the request of Capt. Barry under certificate of a Physician as dangerous to the crew.

Franklin Wharton Capt. Marines

To W. W. Burros The old Corps hasn't changed a bit in 150 years.

Tickled To Death

Harry A. Johnson, Lockhart, Fla., writes: "I would be in the Marines

right now. But when I tried to re-enlist in 1906, the doctors turned me down and said I wouldn't live six months."

Mr. Lockhart has embarrassed the Navy doctors for some 42 years. Now he embarrasses *Leatherneck*. In February. "We-The Marines" published a picture of the "first Post Band in the Marine Corps, date: 1908."

Old Timers have been writing in to set us straight. MGSgt. R. C. Wood, retired, Beaufort, S. C., tells of a band organized in Camp Elliott, Panama in 1906. "The Drum Major's baton was made from a nickel-plated oil lamp and a section of brass pipe." And Charles J. Harvey, Dunmore, Pa., points out that the Post Band at Olongapo, P.I., got together in 1904.

Harry Johnson was in that '04 outfit. In his own immortal words:

"We had four men in the outfit that could play band instruments, so we got together and taught some others and made a lot of noise for a long time. We had no music. But after Major Karmony issued instruments we managed to get hold of three pieces. They were: 'Always in the Way,' 'Popular Swing,' and 'Tickled to Death.'

"We played these pieces for all occasions and we sure got a lot of razzing from the gang. They wanted something different, but we didn't know anything else. We played those three pieces wherever the band was requested to play. This got us in the dog-house once because we had to play at a funeral for one of our buddies that got drowned. His name was Benny King and everyone liked him. We couldn't refuse to play at his funeral so we did the best we knew how.

"We played 'Always in the Way' for a funeral march. And after the burial, we played 'Tickled to Death.'

"All the Marines criticized us for that, but our number 'Popular Swing' didn't seem to fit in right for a funeral."

Blotter

Attention: ex-soldiers, —safecrackers, —sailors, —footpads, —Marines, —second story workers, —coast guardsmen.

So many fraudulent enlistments have come in of late that recruiting offices have posted a sign above the fingerprinting tables.

It reads: "If you have had prior service in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard, or have a police record your fingerprints are on file in Washington, D. C. If you conceal such information you open yourself to prosecution for fraudulent enlistment. You cannot conceal the facts."



Edward J. Barrett issues the first set of Illinois license plates for disabled veterans to Robert Dinsmore of Peoria

Heart and Sole

Staff Sergeant Waldo J. Aleshire, a DI of PI, has a 4.0 reputation for turning out crack drill platoons.

"Men," he always says. "I want you to eat, sleep, and breathe close order drill!"

His recruits have to remember to march at a steady rate of 120 paces a minute, or the sarge gets sore.

Recently he had a little trouble with a knucklehead who fouled up and appeared to be very nervous and flustered.

"Boy," snapped Aleshire, "you got your heart in this?"

"Y-yes, sir."

Aleshire checked his pulse.

Result: 120 per minute.

Illinois Plates

The State of Illinois has set aside 300 sets of automobile license plates for issuance to severely handicapped war veterans, it has been announced by Secretary of State Edward J. Barrett, two-war veteran of America's armed forces.

The words "DISABLED VETERAN" are lettered in white across the top of the plates. The plates otherwise are standard issue, with black numerals on an orange field.

Barrett decided to issue the plates after hearing of a recent incident involving two handicapped veterans whose car broke down on the highway. Although both men are licensed to drive specially equipped "government issue" cars—operated entirely by hand—neither could leave the stalled car without aid to summon assistance. The two were stranded for several hours on the highway before they attracted the attention of a passing motorist.

Secretary Barrett pointed out that the special plates are intended to bring added courtesy to the disabled drivers from other motorists.

Barrett presented the first set of special plates to Robert Dinsmore of Peoria, a former Marine who has been hospitalized since 1944 for an injury that deprived him of the use of both legs. Dinsmore was discharged from Hines hospital in June.

Secretary Barrett served with the Marine Corps in World War II.

TURN PAGE





These sad New Yorkers fell for a smooth Texas snow job and rode all the way to Dalfas to enlist in the Marine Corps



PFC Frank Calvin, who won two Navy crosses, was selected by NAS Corpus Christi to honor the memory of Texas heroes

Long Horn Snatchboots

Two country boys, both PFC's from Texas, invaded New York to pitch a liberty. The city slickers left them strictly alone, which hurt the pride of Texas considerably. They immediately sought out some slickers and pulled the dirtiest recruiting trick of the year.

Slickers Calvin De Vechis, Martin J. Higgens, and Michael J. Mazarella listened open-mouthed to the tall tales of the Texas Marines.

"We'd like to enlist," they said.

"It's a long trip," replied the Texas lads. "You see there ain't no recruitin' stations in the East. You'uns will have to go to Dallas, Texas. It's the only place in the Ewnited States you kin sign up."

Sold on this horrible snow job, the New Yorkers boarded a bus and rode to Dallas where they enlisted in the Marine Corps.

At last report the city slickers were in platoon 10 at San Diego. Their DI had only this comment to make: "They should have stayed in New York."

Privates De Vechis, Higgens, and Mazarella of the Texas (?) Marines aren't talking, but a couple of smooth PFCs had better stand by!

Unknown Soldier

In the morning cold and rain of March 2. PFC Frank Calvin, USMC, placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arlington National Cemetery.

This was the Corpus Christi ceremony, originated and arranged by a group of civilian and military personnel of the Naval Air Station, as part of Texas' own memorial day, in honor of the officers and men who trained at NAS Corpus Christi and gave their lives overseas.

An honor guard, consisting of a platoon of Marines from the Washington Marine Barracks, executed precision drills at the opening of the ceremony. High-ranking Naval and Marine officers and government officials attended.

Each year a member of the armed forces or an outstanding public organization is chosen to place the wreath. PFC Calvin was selected in 1948 because he was the most decorated Marine at NAS, Corpus Christi. A flame-thrower operator in 1944, he was warded the Navy Cross for his heroic action in wiping out 32 Japanese while on patrol on Guam. A subsequent Navy Cross was awarded to him during an action close to the end of the war.

Sounds in the Night

Jack George, 22, Beaver Falls, Pa., lives in a world of touch and sound. He lost his eyes in combat with the Marines

Dependence upon his hearing sharpened his perceptions. He could identify anyone by his footsteps. He could identify the trains as they went by, simply by the sound of their engines.

One night, recently, when a train roared past their house, Jack heard a different sound.

"You'd better check the track, Dad," he said. "Look at the track up on the bridge."

His father, Griffith W. George, hu-

mored him, walked out on the railroad bridge to investigate. He came back at a dead run. There was a 12 inch break in a rail. The Chicago-to-New York express was due in a few minutes!

Jack, armed with a flashlight and a lantern, stood his post on the bridge to warn approaching trains, while his father called the railroad officials. Block signals were set up, and the "Admiral" express switched to an adjoining track.

Jack George grinned when the engineer blew a triumphant "Thanks buddy," on the whistle.

Debt

James A. Abell, Jr., a former Marine, felt that he owed a debt to mankind. He had discovered during the war that no man walks alone. Kindly persons, complete strangers to him, had saved him from becoming permanently crippled as a result of a wartime injury.

Recently Abell went to the Episcopal Hospital in Washington, D. C., willing to help another as he himself had been aided

A 14-year-old girl had lost her left eye in an accident. One of her playmates had shot her with an air-rifle.

"I don't need both eyes," said Abell.
"I can get along fine with only one.
I'd like for you to have the other."

Katherine King is a spunky girl. "Thank you," she told Abell. "But I can't accept. I wouldn't want anyone else to suffer."

Neither of them knew that the pellet had been imbedded so deeply that the entire eye would have to be removed and a new eye could not be transplanted. "Why put it off?"

Have a TREAT instead of a TREATMENT... Today smoke Old Golds!

Lots of smoking pleasure—that's what Old Golds are made for. Nearly 200 years of fine tobacco tradition make us tobacco men, not medicine men. Old Gold cures just one thing—the world's choice tobaccos. Enjoyment we promise. And enjoyment you get! Try Old Golds today. Not tomorrow—today!







ASK YOUR
DEALER
FOR
ALCO BRAND
MARINE CAP
A. LESSER & CO.
752 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SPARLAND STATIONERY

Why take a chance?

PASTEURIZED MILK is safe milk

Delivery in Quantice, Virginia, by

FARMERS CREAMERY CO., Inc.

SINCE 1918

A. M. BOLOGNESE and SONS

TAILOR AND HABERDASHER

OUANTICO, VA.

FLORSHEIM SHOES

SOLVE THAT
GIFT PROBLEM



\$2.50

LEATHERNECK

SHOULDER ARMS

[continued from page 14]

the German Mauser, model 1898, which had been tested and rejected earlier in favor of the Krag.

The U. S. manufactured Mauser type Springfield was adopted by the Army in 1903 and the Marine Corps in 1910. This five round, clip fed, .30 caliber proved to be the simplest operating and most accurate rifle ever used. In the hands of Marines it became world famous. Although other armies had been using front and rear sights, the American models were the first to be adjustable for windage.

The constant demand for greater firepower brought about the development of a purely American semi-automatic rifle designed and engineered by John Garand at the Springfield Armory. This weapon, known as the M1, was adopted by the United States Army in 1936. Issue to Marine Corps units was begun early in 1942, although the entire First Division went into action with the '03.

The gas operated Garand, or M1, eliminates the necessity of operating the bolt each time a round is fired, automatically ejects the expended round and reloads in the same operation. The magazine holds eight rounds loaded by a clip which is ejected when the last round is fired. Early tests showed that 28 aimed rounds could be fired from the M1 in one minute, as compared with 10 a minute from the Springfield '03.

Another semi-automatic rifle invented by a Marine officer after the Garand had been adopted, but used by Marine raiders and parachutists, is the Johnson. The weapon is a radical departure in design for shoulder arms. The Johnson is half-stocked, ten round clip fed and is loaded with the bolt closed. It has an air cooling sleeve and the barrel is removed from the receiver for cleaning or replacement. Production of the Johnson was not fully under way until 1942 when it was accepted by the Netherlands government for use in arming their reorganized forces.

From year to year there has been a trend toward light weapons with a high degree of mobility, capable of intensive fire for short periods of time. The U. S. carbine is the result of this search for lighter, longer ranged, semi-automatic small arms, while the Johnson light machine rifle represents the reality of a rapid fire, highly mobile weapon which gives greater flexability to the fire mission of the infantryman. The sights of future experiments are set on getting "more of it faster."

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

BREVET COMMISSIONS

Sirs:

I am in need of some information. While reading through an old copy of Leatherneck I ran across the rank "Bvt. LtCol.," "Bvt. Maj.," and "Bvt. Capt." What does "Bvt" mean?

Also I served with the First Marine Division on Okinawa and in China from 1October 1945 to 1April 1946, in the First Military Police Company. Do I rate the China Service Medal?

Sgt. Earl W. Rudolph

Overland, Mo.

• The "Bvt." means Brevet, and in a military sense a brevet commission means that an officer has been advanced in honorary rank without advance in pay or command. The rank is no longer used by Marines. At one time Congress often bestowed such a commission upon officers for great public service.

You rate the China Service Medal.—Ed.

HAWTHORNE SPEAKS UP

Sirs:

In regard to Mr. John O'Toole's letter in the March Leatherneck (O'Toole remarked about the several discrepancies he found in the present wearing of the uniform by Marines, etc.—Ed), we feel he's 100 per cent wrong in his statement concerning the old Corps and "new look" Corps. We, the members of this command (Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada), take more pride in our uniform than did some of the ex-Marines we know.

His statement that the (improper) wearing of our uniform was largely the fault of individual command officers, is poorly put and entirely out of order here. Our CO sets an excellent example for us.

We suggest that salty O'Toole re-enlist and cut us boots in on the scoop. The Boots of NAD

Hawthorne, Nev.

OVERSEAS MATERIAL

Sirs:

I re-enlisted in the Corps 27May, 1947 and have put in five (letters requesting) transfers to duty overseas. All five have been disapproved. I was told that I could go overseas immediately when I came back into the Corps. I am wondering if Headquarters wants men to go overseas or not.

Pvt. Donald R. Daniel

McAlester, Okla.

 Regardless of what we would all like to have, the good of the service must be placed above all personal ambitions.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

PRESS



The mock invasion at Onslow Beach
was impressive as a display
of potential modern combat strength

by Sqt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

N May 10th, 300 members of the National Editorial Association gathered on the sands of Camp Lejeune's Onslow Beach to witness a Marine demonstration of amphibious beach-busting. In this highlight of the NEA Convention in North Carolina more than 1000 of the Second Division's Fourth Marines, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Frank M. Reinecke, began landing over Red Beach I at 1345.

The editors and their families, representing the small dailies and weekly papers of 38 states, were amazed at the realism achieved in this mock exercise. Demolitions had been planted on the beaches, and when exploded by engineers prior to and during the landing, caused gasps of astonishment from a few who thought the Navy task force lying off shore was shelling the beach. Lieutenant H. J. Binda, Second Division Public Information Officer, gave the spectators a running account of the operation over a public address system.

The waves of landing troops came in smoothly and secured the beachhead. The demonstration was ended when VMF-212, a Marine fighter squadron from Cherry Point that had furnished close air support for the landing, flew low over the beach in a wide "V" formation.

Following the landing the visitors made a brief tour of the Hadnot Point area of Camp Lejeune before leaving the Marine Base.



Newspaper editors from 38 states viewed with wonder and admiration the split-second timing of Marines in action

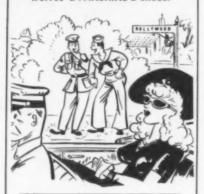


Bazooka teams fired rockets at pillbox emplacements as riflemen prepared to charge over the top of embankments



Appetites whetted by the beach demonstration, 230 guests of the Marines lined up for chow at Supply School Mess

"Movie star? Nah! Just a doll protecting her eyes against the wolves' DYANSHINE'D shoes."



THE SLICK CHICKS

KEEP SHOES SPARKLING WITH

DYANSHINE

Liquid Shoe Polish

Put Liquid Dyanshine on sparingly, then brush or rub with a cloth and watch your shoes come to life on the double. Liquid Dyanshine covers better because it adds color to scuffs and scratches to give a smooth, even polish. Dyanshine keeps shoes pliable and comfortable ...replaces normal leather oils that dry out in sun and dust. Costs only ½ cent a shine, and the shine lasts longer.



DYANSHINE PASTE POLISH

in the same fine quality as Liquid Dyan-



shine. Available in Military Brown, Russet Tan, Oxblood and Black.

LUCY BREWER

[continued from page 40]

That was so good and so technical that it didn't seem possible that it was written three years later from memory by someone who had been a boot when it occurred. A check-up of the original report submitted by Isaac Hull, commanding officer of the Constitution at the time showed unmistakably what had happened. The report had been lifted practically word for word.

The same thing happened in the matter of the fight with the Java some time later. In each case the author of the pamphlet had seen the official reports—there having been no such thing as security in those golden days—and had copied them verbatim.

In the matter of the double action that was fought with the British sloops Cyane and Levant, however, a different set of circumstances made it necessary for the author to evade details. The pamphlet was written so soon after that battle that he—or she—had no opportunity to see the official reports, and therefore he had to brush it off by saying that Lucy had been there.

Lucy doesn't mention anything about the alias she used, which is strange, for if the tale were authentic it would have lent an extra savour to it. The closest she comes to mentioning itand the closest she comes to saying anything about her life on board-has to do with a purported happening during one of the fights. It seems that she got a little excited, when a shot shattered the stock of her musket, and a burly fellow Marine stepped up to her and said, in the fine old salty Marine Corps manner, "Never mind, George, you have today won laurels sufficient to commend you to the pretty girls when we return to port!"

Now by the shin bones of O'Bannon, if any Marine in any Navy in any battle in history said that, or anything like it, to a fellow Marine, then I will pin a red, rgd rose to my stacking swivel and go sit in Pershing Square in the soft summer evening.

After the momentary popularity of the little booklets, all interest in Lucy seems to have died away, and none of the writers of Navy history for the rest of the 19th Century paid any attention to her or her supposed exploits.

Lucy took one more flyer at publishing. About 1820 a fourth pamphlet came out over her name, entitled "The Awful Beacon, A Warning to the Rising Generation of Both Sexes." I have never read it, and so, do not know whether it refers to Boston.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 52]



REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE

Sirs:

I came across a Leatherneck Magazine a few days ago, the first one I had read for several years. I had gotten completely out of touch with the grand old corps since I retired about 10 years ago and after reading the aforesaid magazine it brought back a lot of old memories.

I noticed a letter in which Midshipman James Lofershi seemed just a little in doubt about the proper spelling of Master Gunnery Sergeant Lou Diamond's name. I recall Diamond, a private then, at the U.S. Naval Station, Key West Florida, in the early part of 1917.

I recall a rather peculiar little incident at that time. Diamond was on post down near the submarine dock and had occasion to caution an officer about smoking. The matter was reported to the Captain of the Yard Office and Diamond was complimented for attention to duty. A short time later the Captain of the Yard, a "three-striper," and about as cranky as they came, thought to test out the Marines on how they were functioning at night as sentinels. He came on Diamond's post one night with a big pipe in his mouth, puffing away like a double-headed freight.

"Halt!" shouted Diamond. "Put out that pipe, and advance to be recognized." The Captain of the Yard raised one foot and knocked out the pipe ashes by tapping the pipe against his heel.

"Step on that fire-put it out," yelled Diamond.

The officer did as directed, then advanced toward Diamond who recognized him as the Captain of the Yard.

"Don't you think you were a little rough with that challenge?"

"I may have been a bit rough, but don't you know that smoking is very dangerous around where these subs are tied up?" countered Diamond.

Well to make a long story short, Diamond was from that time on, one of the old man's pets. He sent a note of commendation to the Commanding Officer of Marines and complimented him on the efficient manner in which the Marines were doing their duties as sentinels.

Speaking of Diamond, that reminds me of another character that I once knew in the Marine Corps. His name was Fred Lavender . . . who was on Post Number Three, around the paymaster's office, at Norfolk about 11:30 one night. Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him and turned around to find an officer approaching nonchalantly puffing on a cigar. Lavender whirled around, brought his Krag Jorgensen to a ragged port arms and yelled "Halt" loud enough to be heard over in Berkeley.

"Throw that cigar away—and advance to be recognized."

The officer advanced to be recognized, after he had thrown his cigar into the street where it lit amid a shower of sparks.

Lavender, who was nothing if not officious, bawled hell out of the young naval officer for smoking—but finally let him pass. The officer, feeling a bit peeved at what he considered Lavender's unnecessary roughness, stopped after he had passed around the corner of the pay-office and watched the Marine sentry.

Lavender glanced around and stepped out into the street where he retrieved the still lighted cigar, blew on it for a second, and then placed it in his mouth and began

to puff away.

ad

ly

ps

nd

in

er

he

in

m

n

ne

ie

i-

ne

y

n 1-

it

ď

"Ha!" said the officer as he popped out from his place of concealment. "I thought you said smoking wasn't permitted around this part of the yard." For a moment Lavender was nonplussed, he had been caught with his pants at half-mast. But did anyone ever hear of a Marine getting caught without a ready come-back? He cooly withdrew the cigar from his mouth, turned if over in his fingers a couple of times and inquired:

"Who's smoking?"

"Why, dammit, you are. You have my cigar in your hand and I caught you puffing on it," snapped the officer.

Lavender grinned. "I wasn't smoking," he drawled, "I was just keeping this cigar lit—in case the Corporal of the Guard wanted evidence when I reported it."

Lavender also pulled another stunt, rather unique in the Corps. He went over the hill while on Church liberty. I have often wondered if the Marines ever survived the shock of his leaving? But they have, as evidenced by their wonderful record in the past war....

I would be glad to hear from any of the old timers who may care to drop me a line at 2511 Elliott Avenue.

Charles E. Bell 1st Sgt., USMC(Ret)

Louisville 11, Ky.

FORMER SEABEE

Sirs:

I wish to express my appreciation of your article, "The Can Do Boys," by Herbert Hart, in the March issue (about the Seabees—Ed.). I am a former member of the 126th Seabee Battalion. John J. Rusciano

Houston, Tex.

WRONG SPEC NUMBERS

Sirs:

We are a group of about 50 men and call ourselves the last of the forgotten hashmarks. I have over five years service with a clean record, and have had several recommendations for promotions in various outfits. But I always get the same answer, "you haven't the right spec number." We are in the Amph-Trac Battalion, First Brigade, and have been for six months. Rates have been passed out three times during this period and none of us have received one. The last time, the senior rated man had 18 months in the Corps. . . .

Name withheld

Guam, M. I.



SCORING a smash hit with Marines is the newly published Marine Corps Institute course, Geography of Soviet Russia. The course is a "natural" for those who want to get behind the "Iron Curtain" and learn more about the cultural and economic background of the Soviet peoples.

Other newly released courses that have gone over with Marines like a towering drive to the centerfield bleachers are:

Press Photography—an advanced course for Marines interested in newspaper and magazine work. MCI also offers a beginner's course for amateur photographers entitled Photography I. The course Photography II is for the more advanced practitioner of the art.

Fundamentals of Real Estate—a very practical course for homeowners, actual and potential. If your future plans include a home of your own, this course should be on the top of your "must" list.

Automobile Courses—are favorites with men who want to learn a little to save a lot on repairs and for those Marines who want to be career-mechanics.

The Marine Corps Institute has 203 courses, all "hits." For Regulars and organized reservists, enrollment in any of these courses is as easy as stepping into the batter's box—pick out one you like and take a cut. Complete the application below.

		-	-	-	-	_	-	_	-	-	-	-	-	A 10	1
PLEASE	ENROLL ME	IN_									_	-NAM	OF	со	URSE
FROM .	(RANK)		(FIRS						TN	AME)			(SEI	HAL	NO.)

(ORGANIZATION)

(U.S.M.C. ADDRESS)

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

M.B. 81h & EYE STS., S.E., WASHINGTON 25, D.C. NAVY NO. 128, F.P.O., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PHOTO FINISHING

Our Dept 10 specializes in the handling of servicement throughout the world, returning finished pictures same day as received.

Just add return airmail postage to our very low prices. Roll film developed and printed 25g—2 of each 35g. Reprints 2½g each. Jumbo enlarged prints 8 exp. roll 30g—12 exp. 45g—16 exp. 60g. Jumbo reprints 4g each, We guarantee fast airmail service and quality work. Send today for a quantity of FREE MAILERS.

BRIDGEPORT FILM STUDIOS

Dept. 10 Box 2061A Bridgeport, Conn.

GABARDINE SLACKS

- Sizes 27 thru 42 Tale
- 13½-az. Gabardine
 Deep pleats
 Continuous weist band

Made by California's Largest Manufacturer of Fine Slacks

\$12.95

Post paid anyplace in the worldfor wear anywhere in the world! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return before wearing and your money will be refunded.

	Due to must l contine	e s	ent Ili	w	re; ith	gu	lat all th	ior	is, rde U.!	FB S.	noi oi	ne;	y sid	oi le	rd	he	
9	Amt. o	of cl	heck	_	_	90	М		0		_ (0.0	0.1	D.	-	_	
	Drk. G	rey		0	ar	k	Bri	9.		A	Ame	4.	Bi	lu			•
	Light (Grey	C	1	P.	G	ree			7	ec	1	Bli	ve	1		
	Light (Brn.	E] 0	rk	. (Gre	en		T	an				.	ō	
	Size of																
		P	LEA	SE	P	RI	NT	P	LA	IN	LY						
	NAME																
0	ADDRE	22															
0	-	0.0	5.50	2.2	2.2	2.5		2.2		2 5	2.2	8.8	2.1	8.8	8 1		
	CITY .	* * *							* *			* *	*		*	* *	
	HOL	Æ.			0.0		51	TA'	TE.								
		-	-	-	-	-					-						

Broadway clothiers

SECOND AVENUE AT BROADWAY SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA

THE BULLETIN BULLETIN BOARD

of information. Let it keep you informed on Marine Corps policies in

Leatherneck

1 YEAR -- \$2.50

SOUND OFF (cont.)

"NEW" TIME AT YOKOSUKA

Sira:

Just a line in connection with the Yokosuka (Japan) clocks. I have personally
adjusted the time on these clocks, and
would like to thank you and the readers
of Leatherneck for information setting us
straight on the various times. The attached picture will show you our "new
time."

1st Lt. G. B. McPherson Yokosuka, Japan.

• Several months ago a Leatherneck photographer took a picture of some clocks in the library of the Marine Barracks at Yokosuka showing the various times in Yokosuka and several American cities. When the picture appeared in the magazine several people wrote in with the information that the time variations, as shown in the picture, were wrong. The Special Services officer has reset the clocks.—Ed.



OUR FRIEND BOZO

Sirs:

We, the enlisted men of B Company, Fifth Marines, consider this story worth

mention in your magazine, as it is a story of a dog that everyone loved—except a few who finally had him destroyed.

Being with the company in China and Guam for more than two and a half years, he became a comrade in our everyday life. He was with the company wherever they went. A sentry had a greater sense of security while on post with "Bozo," and we believe many Marine lives were saved due to his vigilance.

He was provoked, by some senior members of this organization—referring to rank—and over our protests, until he began snapping at the guilty parties. We were finally submitted to orders which we regretted.

The first attempt to dispose of him (Bozo) was a failure, due to improper methods. And, although wounded by a .22 bullet he made his way back to the company area which was approximately four miles. Everyone was overjoyed to see him alive. . . . They took him away again and that time a .45 slug did the job.

The members of our company gave him a military funeral and although many of us were grieved, it was a joke to a few....

Enlisted men, "B" Co., 5th Marines Guam, M. I.

• There may have been another reason for disposing of your dog. It is difficult to believe that anyone would treat "man's best friend" in this manner without just cause.—
Ed. END





THE OLD GUYS

They're not so spry or cocky
As kids are on parade;
They look less trim and snappy
When marching tunes are played.

They're not the most eye-catching To ladies of the town, But they're the wild-cat's whiskers When fighting chips are down!

And though they may be crabby, Their words loud-voiced and tert, Don't let their manners fool you— They're full of guts and heart.

They're what the youngsters stand by On skirmish lines worn thin— A hunk of solid anchor, When hell comes rolling in!

On distant island beachheads, No enemy could stop The Leatherneck old-timers— The old guys known as "Pop."

So when we write the record.

And log the final score,

Let's not forget the Old Guys—

The backbone of the Corps!

-Howard Haynes



LOOK, WORLD, TODAY YOU ARE A MAN

We love to solve a mystery, But this one's too complex. What happened back through history Before we Leathernecks?

What did they do in Timbuctoo? Did Germans kill the Czechs? Who cered a sou if who popped who Without we Leathernecks?

In Eden too, who called on Eve To pacify her sex, When she and Adam had a peeve, Before we Leathernecks?

We've landed here, we've landed there. We're going back to Guam. We've never asked who, what or where? We've always brought the balm. The world is rife with war and strife, Atomic'ly complex. The world must learn the facts of life, We did, we Leathernecks.

The world may groan to stand alone. It's not what it expects. But when you're grown you're on your own, That's life, eh, Leathernecks?

-Cliff Mackay



I'VE BEEN

Propositioned, reconditioned, elevated, and promoted.

Recommissioned, decommissioned, renovated and demoted.

Prosecuted, persecuted, executed, evicted, Been in brigs and jails, did E.P.D., and many times restricted.

Boycotted, bull-dozed, kicked around, sneered at, decoyed,

Reimbursed, disbursed, and penniless, misused, and unemployed.

Often scoffed at, scorned, and swindled, cheated, robbed, discussed, abused, Entertained, detained, deferred, referred to and amused.

Been a member of the Moose Club, Mason Lodge, and O.P.A.,

Of the Red Cross, Blue Cross, Double Cross, and even N.R.A.

Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, Boy Scouts and C.C.C., F.B.I., A.F. of L., P.D.O., and C.O.D.

I've been agitated, aggravated, teased and tantalized,

Slaughtered, scarred, disfigured, beaten, stabbed and pulverized.

Been a baker, butcher, taxi-driver, waiter, doctor, clerk,

Hobo, bum, hitch-hiker, beggar, drunk, and just plain jerk.

I have studied, concentrated, read, perused, and contemplated,

Had malaria, mumps, pneumonia, and was even constipated.

I've read Shakespeare, Poe, and Maugham, and most every other text,

Now all that worries me, is, what the heck is coming next?

-Bill Carnes

HORSE SENSE

You have just cause to feel remorse If you lose dough on some slow horse; Because I'm sure you'll find it's true Horse sense won't let him bet on you.

The man who thinks he is so wise He cannot win a booby prize; Is the same guy who put a bet On that one nag that "ain't" in yet.

-T/Set. Joe Sage



SLEEP MARINE. SLEEP

Sleep beneath the willows, comrade, Far from your toils of yester-years, While Taps sounds through the nation Our eyes are wet with lonely tears. While you sleep in silence, comrade, With your brave buddies side by side, Your sacrifices live on forever In the souls of us, for whom you died.

-M. J. Brown

THEY ARE NOT COMING BACK

They are not coming back, nor do they sleep

Beneath white crosses in the far-off lends Where friendly stars mount guard and vigil keep

Above the shrines that glorify those sands.

No chisel'd word on marble shaft can tell The valor they expressed in heroes' blood.

When gave they for the land they loved so well

Full measure from a never-failing flood.

No battlecry is heard where they march on;

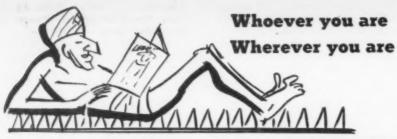
No war's dark cloud there troubles peaceful State.

They are not coming back—they face bright dawn

And bivousc where crown'd immortals

They fell from ranks, but did not lose the fight—
Triumphant vanguard in a land of light!

-Frank Branan



Leatherneck will be mailed PROMPTLY

We admit that the demand for the New Leatherneck had us snowed but we're out from under the drifts

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

but we're the drifts order TODAY!

Place your order TODAY!



We'll crank 'em out and
mail 'em to you as
soon as the ink
is dry

Use the handy coupon below

Bill me [] for:			
' (circle one)			
4 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	2 Yrs.	1 Yr.
\$7.50	\$6.00	\$4.50	\$2.50
Address			

AROUND THE HOUSE

[continued from page 33]

standard quonset units. Their attractiveness and the amount of comfortable living which may be obtained from them depends to a great extent on the individual initiative of their Marine occupants.

In some areas the alteration of existing quonset facilities is somewhat restricted by local regulations. However, in most areas a liberal policy allows the individual Marine a reasonable amount of leeway in the design and landscaping of his interim home.

Find out what is permitted in your area before beginning any major changes on the old homestead.

Landscaping of your front yard with green grass and flowers may appear to be a hopeless task if your quonset is built on the crushed coral of Guam, Saipan or Kwajalein. But according to botanists of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., there are a number of flowering plants which may be cultivated in this type of soil. Oleander, crepe myrtle, the china rose and the cut petal hibiscus, pandanus pine and cycad shrubs, have all been grown successfully on the island of Guam.

Flower and plant growth may be improved by digging small pits and filling them with earth richer in organic matter than the ordinary coral. The plants are then bedded in this fertile soil.

Tropical landscaping on Guam may include breadfruit trees, the tamarind, kapak, golden shower, coffee senna, elong elong, flamboyant, candle nut, nu nu fig, or pride of india trees. These and other trees such as the ipid, banana, and coconut palm thrive luxuriantly on many of the Pacific islands.

Mud is a constant source of irritation to most American housewives in the Pacific. If rocks of a workakle type are available in the area, flagstone walks and porches can be constructed without difficulty. When rocks cannot be obtained, a wooden mold of two by four inch lumber may be used to produce concrete flagstones. An average size mold will be four inches deep, 12 inches long and six inches wide. Put it together with the nail heads projecting about 1/4 inch so that it will be easy to take apart. Grease the inside of the form with crude oil or crankcase drainings to prevent the concrete from sticking. Mix the concrete (recipe described in a later paragraph of this article) and pour it into the mold. Smooth off the top with a wooden float

or trowel and let the concrete harden for two days. The flagstone may then be slipped from the mold and cured for a week or ten days under wet burlap or dampened straw.

When the walk or porch is built, bed each flagstone in an inch of sand to permit drainage of water from under the stones. Lay the stones at least two inches apart to permit grass to grow between them.

Home improvement may become a continuous hobby. An understanding of the simple principles of concrete mixing, wall painting, electrical wiring for the household, minor carpentry and plumbing techniques, can be tremendously valuable information for the wayfaring Marine family man.

The following paragraphs contain a



brief summary of helpful information for the amateur builder:

CONCRETE is a carefully proportioned mixture of cement, fine sand, gravel, and clean water.

PORTLAND CEMENT is the common, gray type which is used all over the world for making concrete and mortar. It is packed commercially, one cubic foot to the bag.

SAND for concrete must be clean and free of clay, loam, weeds, or fine dust. Seashore sand is unsatisfactory because of the mineral salts which it contains. River bank sand is excellent if it does not contain mud or scum. Any sand used should be screened to eliminate pebbles and foreign materials.

Clean, hard CRUSHED STONE, pebbles, or steam cinders may be used for the coarse gravel ingredient of concrete. For small projects this coarse material should be graded to remove pieces larger than one inch in diameter.

In general, only water that is fit to drink will make good concrete. No sea water, remember the salt.

A medium-stiff CONCRETE MIXTURE suitable for building driveways, floors, walks, steps, small foundations, and flagstones, contains the following ingredients: one bag of cement (one cubic foot), two and one-half cubic feet of sand, three cubic feet of gravel, and five gallons of water. This batch makes 4.2 cubic feet of concrete. Amounts of this size may easily be mixed by hand.

On a MIXING PLATFORM of smooth, tightly fitted boards, carefully measure out the correct amount of sand. Spread the sand evenly in a ring on the platform. Place the bag of cement in the center of the sand ring and cut it open. Stir and turn the cement and sand until the mixture is an even grey color with no streaks of light grey or brown. Add the coarse gravel to the pile and continue turning it until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Spread the dry mix in a uniform ring and pour a measured quantity of clean water into the hollow. Hoe or shovel the dry materials into the water until all is mixed to an even color and consistency, without puddles or dry spots.

The wet concrete should be placed within 30 minutes of mixing. Pour the concrete directly into the forms before any separation of ingredients or initial setting can take place. Wooden forms should be nailed together securely and reinforced with stakes and braces to prevent them from spreading or moving under the weight of the wet concrete.

Too rapid drying of newly set concrete is likely to cause cracks or other weaknesses. Properly "cure" your concrete jobs by keeping them damp and protected from direct sunlight for a week or 10 days. Damp canvas, burlap, or straw should completely cover the "green" concrete during the curing period.

Commercial bricks will often be unobtainable in overseas locations, but the Marine amateur builder can useordinary bricklaying techniques in erecting natural stone, cinder or concrete block structures.

This type of masonry is usually begun upon a foundation or footing such as a cellar wall or a slab footing under an outdoor barbecue pit. Before spreading any mortar it is necessary to lay out the first course of outside bricks, stones or blocks. This provides even spacing and insures the fit of the materials within the overall dimension of the wall or structure.

Spot the position of each cross joint (space between the ends of bricks or stones) with two chalk or crayon marks on the foundation. When the position of every joint and brick in this first layer has been marked on the foundation, the job is ready to be laid up with mortar.

A taut line is stretched the full length of the work as a guide. The end corners of the project may be built up to hold the line and to prevent errors when the balance of the wall between the corners is filled.

A COMMON MORTAR used for joining bricks and stones is one part Portland cement, one part hydrated lime, six parts clean sand, and enough water to

Nobody . . . But Nobody Can Beat Post in Price Quality and Style . . .

And you don't need cash to buy at Post Jewelers. No Red Tape, no guaranters and NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT. Where else but at Post Jewelers can you purchase the finest Nationally Advertised Merchandian at low cash prices on Credit. Just send myour down payment as stipulated below and your promise to pay and we'll skip your selection immediately. Plus all this, we give you 38 days to examine your purchase. If, within this time, you're not satisfied, just return it to us and we'll refund your mency.



BOTH FOR \$42.50

442: "June" 14K Yellow Gold Engagement and Wedding ring. Engagement ring is setwith a Perfect cutfiery Diamond. Center top of Wedding ring is engraved to appear as though set with a Dismond. \$42.50 Cash OR \$14.50 Down-

6 DIAMONDS \$81.50

Sweetheart Set in gleaming 14K Yellow Gold. Engagement ring has a perfect out fery center Diamond and two perfect cut side diamonds. Wedding ring has 3 perfect cut sparkling diamonds. Both \$81.59 Cash OR \$27.59 Down—38 Monthly.



IN THE SECOND SE

3014: — Good looking man's ring of 14K gleaming Yellow Gold. Set with a ½ carat diamond cut, deep red synthetic Ruby. \$42.50 Cash OR



1983:—Distinctive man's fing of 14K Cold. Set with a fiery Diamond and 3 Deep red synthetic Rubies. \$85 Cash OR \$25 Down—\$14 Monthly.



L1030: — "Snake - Eyes Man's 14K Yellow Golt twin ring with carve snake skin effect. Se with 2 flery Diamond and synthetic Ruby 559.50 Cash OR \$19.50 Down—27 Monthly



L 1925: — Man's Initial ring in 10K Yellow Gold. Black copyx top with 2 raised Gold Initials. Set with a brilliant Dismond. \$42.50 Cash OR \$14.50 Down—\$7 Month.



BULOVA 21 Jewelt 1229:--Man's Bulova Douglas "B". 21 Jewels, Yel low Gold filled. Matching basket weave bracelet \$67.50 Cash OR \$27.50 Down-\$10 Monthly.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or YOUR MONEY BACK

SEND FOR OUR FREE 32 PAGE CATALOG

Hundreds of Values in nationally advertised

• DIAMONDS • WATCHES • SILVERWARE

• JEWELRY • GIFTWARE • Etc.

All Prices Include Tax



427 FLATBUSH EXT

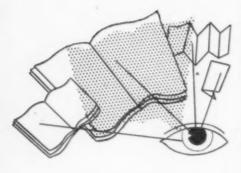
Brooklyn 1, N. Y

"Where Every Promise Is Kept"

HOME

BUILDING

BOOKS



CARPENTRY AND WOOD-

WORKING\$1.60
By Haines, Adams, Van Tassel and Thompson
By Thompson, Van Tassel,
Adams, and Haines
PAINTING AND DECORATING. \$1.60
By D. I. Di Bernardo

Ву К. Н.	Bailey
PLUMBING By J. G.	\$1.60

By J. F.			 0	.\$1.60

WOODWORKING	CRAFTS	\$2.75
By Van Tassel		

OTHER	BOOKS	ON	HOBB	YCRAFTS	
THE LEA	THERCE	AFTS	MAN	\$2.00	
By W	7. E. Sn.	yder			

GENERAL	LEATHERCRAFT	0	0	.\$1.20
By R.	Cherry			

JEWELRY	, GI	M	CL	JI	1	11	10	3	A	1	V	D		
METAL	CRA	FT	*				. *					*	\$3	.00
By W.	-	-												

HANDMADE	JEWELRY	8	9	0	0	.\$2.75
By Weiner						

PLASTICS	IN SCH	HOOL	ANI	0		
HOME	WORK	SHOP			0	.\$3.50

GENERAL	PLASTICS		0		0	0	0			\$	1	.2	0
---------	----------	--	---	--	---	---	---	--	--	----	---	----	---

ART OF SHELLCRAFT\$1.00 SHIP MODELS ILLUSTRATED ...\$2.50

(All of these books can be had through The Leatherneck Bookshop. See order form on page 64)

AROUND THE HOUSE (cont.)

give the ingredients a buttery consistency.

Use a platform or box and mix the mortar in the same manner as concrete.

The trowel is the bricklayer's most important tool. In a single movement he lifts and throws enough mortar with the trowel to lay four or five bricks. The mortar that he throws and spreads evenly will be the bed joint or cushion on which each line of bricks is to be laid.

After throwing and smothing off the mortar for the bed joint, excess mortar is cut off from the edges and applied directly to the end of the brick to form the cross joint. The brick or stone is then placed in its proper spot and tapped in position with the handle of the trowel. Any excess mortar is cut off the face of the joints. Bricks should be laid with their trade-mark downward. As each row of bricks or stones is completed, the guide line is raised to the next course and stretched taut.

In building with rough stones, use a plumb bob and line to guide the vertical construction.

Whenever possible, use kiln-dried wood when doing your amateur house building. Unseasoned lumber will shrink, crack, and warp. Soft woods are the easiest to work and are recommended for beginners, but they do not have the strength or beauty of grain that is found in hard woods.

PLYWOOD, the composite board made



by gluing together several thin sheets of sliced wood, has an almost limitless number of uses in the home workshop. The woods of which it is composed are bonded together with the grains of alternate layers at right angles to each other. The crisscross arrangement of grains and the waterproof plastic, and casein adhesives which hold the layers together, give plywood a remarkable

strength and permanence. This material may be fastened together with nails or screws, but care should be taken to avoid nailing into an edge or end.

As your skill increases in the handling of measuring, holding, sawing, planing, cutting, filing, drilling, and nailing hand tools and power tools, your interest and desire for more information about the building crafts will increase.

Any Marine, anywhere, can satisfy this desire for technical knowledge by taking a short walk to the Special Services office located at his post or station. At the Special Services office he will be given an application blank with which he can enroll in any one of more than a dozen excellent courses of instruction on home planning, home



remodeling, carpentry, painting and decorating, plumbing, electrical wiring and other crafts for the home mechanic. These courses are all conducted as a part of the Marine Corps Institute's program of made-to-order education for on-the-go Marines.

Well written and completely illustrated textbooks are given to Marines studying the courses. The books and the instructions are given entirely free of charge. That's right, it doesn't cost a cent. Marine Corps Institute courses teach in easy to understand language the "know-how" of crafts and trades.

The course on painting and interior decorating includes an explanation of the basic painter's tools, their use and their care; the nature of paints; how to choose proper color combinations; color mixing and use; and a wealth of other information.

Wood surfaces are covered with innumerable small openings or pores. The primary coat of paint must enter these pores and anchor itself to the wood surface by filling them. Paint which is to be used on hard or gummy wood must have great penetrating quality.

A much used formula for painting exterior woodwork contains more raw linseed oil and turpentine when mixed as a primary coat than it does when prepared as a second or third coating. A priming paint for dry woods, such as white pine and white wood, must contain a much greater percentage of oil than priming coats used on resinous yellow pine, redwood, cyprus, or fir. For gummy, resinous woods a part of the paint's oil content is reduced with added turpentine.

na-

ith

be

dge

the

ng.

nd

ols.

in-

rill

fy

by

ial

ice

nk

of

of

ne

d

In the Pacific Island Area most household painting jobs of major proportions are handled by trained maintenance personnel. These men can give the Marine amateur home painter a wealth of valuable tips on the craft.

Metalworking has gained considerable popularity at Marine Corps posts and stations having hobbycraft shops equipped for working the various alloys. Where available, correct hand and power tools make the production of metal household furnishings and accessories a relatively easy matter.

Careful study of materials and procedures should be made before the amateur begins any home wiring. Personal danger from electrical shock and firedamage to property are often the result of inexperienced workmanship in this craft trade.

Serious electrical trouble should be handled by a trained electrician, but the home mechanic can do quite a few jobs himself.

Splicing or joining wires is the most



fundamental operation in this work. It may be done by several different methods. But all splices must be electrically and mechanically secure. To make a splice electrically secure, the metal of the wire must be thoroughly cleaned before the splice is made. A mechanically secure splice is one which is soldered and then taped with a covering equal to the regular insulation of the wire.

The Marine Corps Institute offers courses in the fundamentals of both electricity and radio.

You will find yourself drawing the facts and "know-how" of electricity, carpentry, painting and the other building crafts from many sources. And you will probably put this knowledge to good use if not in the Corps, then after thirty when you putter around in that little vine-covered chateau. END

WADE "DAVE" CURTIS
HANGS UP HIS GLOVES
AFTER MORE THAN
100 BOUTS





welter wade

ADE "Dave" Curtis came out of his corner like a cat. His Aussie opponent was groggy. The Marines jammed around the ring yelled: "Git 'im Dave. You got 'im boy." They didn't yell, as they would have at home, "Kill da bum." They were too close to real killing for that. This was a Marine benefit match in Australia. Dave's outfit had just arrived after five months on Guadalcanal.

Dave circled the tired Aussie, got set to open up for a sure KO. Then the clouds opened up, and a driving sheet of rain forced the referee to call the match. Curtis went back to his dressing room.

Twenty minutes later, the rain stopped, and Curtis was called to the ring. He almost fell over. The wily Aussies had pulled a fast switch. They'd run in another boxer, fresh, tough, ready for mayhem.

Dave just grinned; KO'd the new man in 30 seconds.

Curtis is wiry, handsome, smart inside the ring and out. A lot of fans around Jacksonville, Fla., his hometown, missed his fights when Dave joined the Marine Corps a week after Pearl Harbor. Curtis was the South's leading contender for the world welterweight title. He packed a mule's kick in either mitt. He was fancy. His ring craft had been learned the hard way,

fighting preliminaries on professional cards. In less than a year he was boxing in main events. He fought 60 headline bouts from Jacksonville to California, won a decision in New Jersey over Harold Green who defeated Rocky Graziano twice.

In New Zealand he knocked out their champion welterweight in four rounds—a non-title fight. In Australia later he TKO'd the Aussie welterweight champin ten rounds. After that he did his fighting as a scout sniper and won a Bronze Star Medal on New Britain.

Curtis spent two years overseas during the war. Since then he has been athletic director on almost every Marine base in the U. S. In '45 he promoted fights in China. Last October from Guam, M.I., Platoon Sergeant Wade Dave Curtis of the First Provisional Marine Brigade announced that he'd fight one more bout before he quit the ring.

"I'm crazy," he said, "to want to fight. I've had over a hundred bouts already."

He'll wind-up his boxing career right where he started it—in Jacksonville, Fla.—sometime during the Summer.

A lot of promising young fighters have wound up stumbling along cauliflower row. Not Sgt. Curtis. After this fight he'll continue his lifetime career in the United States Marine Corps. END

Books Review

RIDGE RUNNER. By Gerald Averill. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$2.75.

WHEN Gerald Averill worked in the lumber camps back in 1916, his superiors advised him to wear a cowbell around his neck. They were seriously worried the first half dozen times he got lost. A good woodsman isn't supposed to get lost.

Averill writes: "I know there are those who say they have never been lost, but if this is so it is only because they have never been anywhere."

Most woodsmen get lost when they try to write. But Averill in his autobiography "Ridge Runner" tells the legends of the old timers with matchless ease and skill. He writes of the terrible Hairless Man, of the Great White Shark, of the rip-roaring lumber jacks he lived with. He's at his best when he tells of hunters and hunting. He recaptures the nostalgic beauty of the wilderness he loves.

Averill spent his boyhood in Maine experimenting with all sorts of lethal weapons; B.B. guns, a cross bow of his own design with which he once pinned his brother's lip to his gum at a distance of 100 yards. Under the tutelage of his wonderful old reprobate grandfather, he graduated to shotguns and rifles. From time to time his father would say "What in God's name am I going to do with you!"

Averill's mother wanted him to be a man of consequence—like the local bookkeeper who made the princely sum of \$25 a week. But Averill took to the woods. He's been in the Maine woods all his life except for a brief Army hitch in War I. He has been a game warden for years, but don't let that frighten you. His experiences are rich in humor and fable. He brings the Maine woods to life in a way that will give all sportsmen the urge to take off for the nearest wilderness. "Ridge Runner" is as refreshing as the clean, sharp smell of pine woodsmoke.

PROCEED AT WILL. By Burke Wilkenson. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$2.75.

THIS thoroughly original and absorbing novel of World War II intrigue presents a psychological analysis of a hero with a questionable diagnosis.

How thin is the line of demarcation between hero and traitor? Do questionable means justify a favorable end? Who is to judge such a man—his country or his intimate acquaintances? Given the pertinent facts as they occur, you the reader, must form your own conclusion for Burke Wilkinson makes little attempt to upset the delicate balance of the often intricate pros and cons.

"Proceed At Will" is written in the first person through the medium of · Bill Stacy, American engineering expert serving in a civilian capacity with the British Admiralty in England. In this capacity he is assigned to a top secret project in Scotland preparing for a one-man submarine operation against a Nazi battleship berthed in a French harbor. It is here that Stacy again meets his old friend and habitual enemy from student days at Cambridge. Fun-loving Geoffrey Mildmay, ex-RAF ace and son of a millionaire brewer, is assigned to the same project.

In a fast-moving, action-filled series of events involving Stacy, Mildmay, and two beautiful girls, the reader's interest is brought to a climactic pitch only to be left dangling in midair at the story's end.

Though the official endorsement of "mission accomplished" is rendered the project in the final analysis, it is quite possible that Mildmay's bold charm and undisputed courage conceal a sliding scale of morals that spell "hero" at one end and "traitor" at the other. Throughout the novel there is considerable reason to believe that his superior skill, disregard of danger, and love of excitement is an

expression of personal ego rather than a love for his country.

Interspersed with this tightly-woven plot is sabotage, suicide, and love played against an adventurous, wartime background. Confusing? Yes, but whether the central figure is a hero or a traitor, "Proceed At Will" is an interesting challenge to the reader.—R.A.C.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION. Edited by Bevan G. Cass. Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D. C. \$5.

LIEUTENANT Cass and his associates have done a fine job on the story of the Sixth Division. This book, second of a series of divisional histories to be published, is a complete account of the Sixth in action.

Actually the story of the Sixth-as a division-would be concerned only with the Okinawa campaign, and the occupation duties in Yokosuka and Tsingtao. But the authors have wisely incorporated brief histories of organic units of the division: stories of "The Old Fourth," the Raider Battalions on Tulagi, Guadalcanal, Makin and Russell Islands, the Second Provisional Raider Regiment on Bougainville, the First Provisional Raider Regiment on New Georgia, the Fourth Marines on Emirau; the Twenty-Second Regiment on Eniwetok and other islands in the Marshalls; the Twenty-Ninth on Saipan and 1st Provisional Marine Brigade on Guam.

Pictures, many of them in full color, and numerous maps of the Okinawa and Guam campaigns complete the book. In addition there are short biographies of the higher echelon commanders, lists of awards won by the members of the division, and the Division Honor Roll.

This history is available, free of charge, to all men of the Sixth Division. Distribution is being made by The Infantry Journal, 1115 17th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. —W.F.K.

THE LEATHERNECK Book Shop



Small Arms of the World

By W. H. B. Smith

CONTAINS 150 weapons of 25 nations with 700 pictures on how to load, operate and strip them.



The Marines' War

By Fletcher Pratt

M AJOR factors that determined the course of the war on the long advance up the Pacific road to victory.

85.00



By Col. A. J. D. Biddle

THE best methods of attack and defense, based on the author's years of study.

\$1.00



House Divided

By Ben Ames Williams

FOUR generations of the Currians, an American Family, beginning in old Virginia and the war for Southern Independence. 85.75 Guidebook for Marines

Y OUR old stand-by has been completely revised. Get yours, while the supply lasts!

\$1.00



Eagle in the Sky

By F. Van Wyck Mason

MEN and women in the service of our country during the Revolution as seen in the eyes of three young doctors. \$3.00



The World's Military History

By Brig. Gen. W. A. Mitchell

M ILITARY successes and failures from 1500 B.C. to 1918 A.D. A must on the reference shelf.



The Golden Hawk

By Frank Yerby

THE author's best. Noblewoman, turned buccaneer, Rouge is torn by hatred of men and defies all who want her. A woman's fury that rocked the Spanish Main! \$3.00



Semper Fidelis

STORIES, drawings, anthologies and photographs by combat correspondents, all vividly portraying the role of the Marine Corps in World War II.

\$3.50



War As I Knew It

By Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.

W RITTEN on the spot, the author relates his own version of Third Army's activities.

83.75



Raintree County

By Ross Lockridge, Jr.

WINNER of the M.G.M. award, the author's first novel, here is a 1108 page story of 19th Century Indiana and a man happy with his family, but devoted to his country.

\$3.93

Official Combat Photographs

DROP us a card for a complete listing of action photographs available in sets of 20, 4x5 glossy prints at \$1.20 per sets.

BOOKSHOP CHECK LIST

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS:

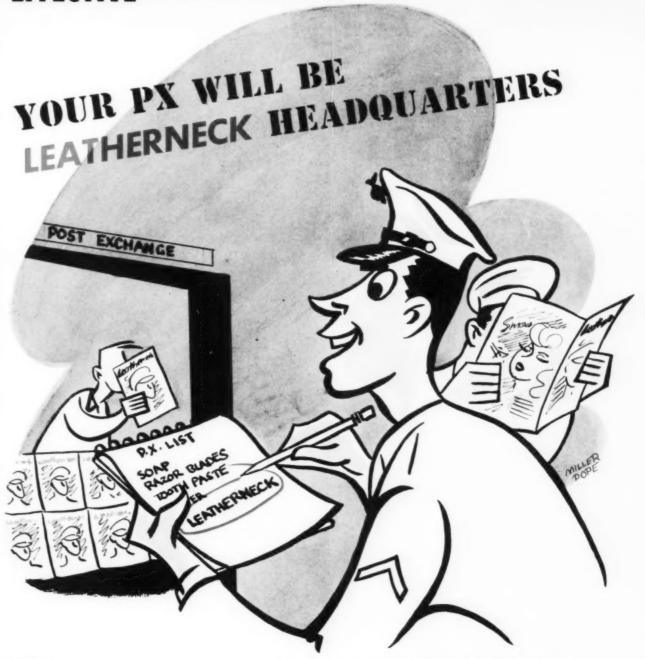
Check titles desired, and clip entire page from magazine and mail with your remittance to the bookshop. Prices subject to change without notice. If books desired are not listed, add on in space provided at end of check list. We are prepared to ship any book now in print.

-)	FIGHTING DIVISIONSS	2.50
-)	FIGHTING FLEETS	1.00
-	1	FIRST TO FIGHT	2.00
i)	FOR MEN ONLYS	
•		INDEPENDENCE	2.50
1	1	FOR MEN ONLYS	1.00
i)	FOREVER AMBER	1.49
è	í	FOR WHOM THE BELL	
		TOLLS	1.00
()	FRANK LEAHY AND THE	
		FIGHTING IRISH	3.00
£	1	FRONT LINE INTELLIGENCE.S	2.50
è	í	GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT .S	2.75
ì	í	GREAT AMERICAN SPORTS	
•		STORIES	3.00
1	3	GREAT GHOST STORIES OF	3.00
		THE WORLDS	1 00
1)	GREAT SEA STORIESS	
ì	í	GREAT TALES OF FANTASY	2.47
ı	,	AND IMAGINATION	1 40
(1	GREAT TALES OF TERROR	1.47
8	8	AND THE SUPERNATURAL.S	2 49
	1	GREEN DOLPHIN STREET S	
1	i	GREEN GRASS OF	1.47
8	,	WYOMING	2.75
		GREEN MANSIONSS	2.75
)	GREEN MANSIONS	1.25
-)	GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES \$	1.00
()	GUN CARE AND REPAIR \$	3.75
-)	GUS THE GREAT	3.50
-		HENRY (CARTOONS)\$	1.00
1)	HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II.\$	5.00
()	HISTORY OF THE SIXTH	
		MARINE DIVISIONS HOLDFAST GAINESS	5.00
-)	HOLDFAST GAINES	3.00
-)	HOME COUNTRY	3.75
-)	HOUSE DIVIDED	5.75
()	HOW TO FIGURE THE ODDS.S	2.50
()	HOYLE'S BOOK OF GAMES S	1.00
()	INSIDE U.S.A	5.00
()	IWO JIMA	0.50
-)	JACOBY ON POKER	1:50
-)	JIU JITSU\$	1.25
-)	JOE LOUIS	
-)	KILL OR GET KILLED \$	2.50
-)	KINGSBLOOD ROYAL	3.00
-)	LANDING OPERATIONS \$	7.50
()	LAURA	1.00
1	1	LEE'S LIEUTENANTS	
		(3 YOLS.)\$1	5.00
()	LETTER FROM GROSVENOR	_
		SQUARE	3.00
()	LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE	
		FACTORYS	1.00
-)	LORD JIM	1.25
-)	LOST IN THE HORSE	
		LATITUDES	1.00
-)	LO, THE FORMER EGYPTIAN.S	2.00

TO: THE LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP, F WASHINGTON (13), D.C.	P.O. BOX 1918,
Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$ books which I have checked below. Se	
NAME AND ADDRESS: (Please Print)	
SORRY: No C O D orders accented	,

()	LOW MAN ON A TOTEM			RAINTREE COUNTY \$ 3.	
		POLE \$ 1.00			READER'S COMPANION \$ 2	
(LUCKY FORWARD \$ 5.00	1)	MEDICON	
		LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE \$ 1.00)		
	,	LUSTY WIND FOR	()		
		CAROLINA \$ 1.49)		.00
)		(}	MILES MILE MINESTILLE	9.5
()				GUNS 5 0.	.25
		AND CARDS \$ 1.00)		.00
)	mneillie Gelliter G			ROGER THE LODGER \$ 2.	.50
		HANDBOOK \$ 0.50	-)		
-)				GOLD\$ 5.	
	- 1	MANEUVER IN WAR\$ 3.50)		00
4	,	MAP READING FOR THE			SEMPER FIDELIS 3.	.50
	1	SOLDIER \$ 1.00	()		
-	,	MARINES AT WAR \$ 3.00 MEN AGAINST FIRE \$ 2.75		1	SUPERNATURAL \$ 2. SMALL ARMS OF THE	JV
-	;					-
1					WORLD \$ 6.	00
4		MISTER ADAM \$ 2.50		1	SOLDIER'S ALBUM 5 5. SO WELL REMEMBERED \$ 1.	00
1	1	MISTER ROBERTS \$ 2.50 MOBY DICK \$ 1.25			SPEAKING FRANKLY \$ 3.	
1	í		1	1	SPORT—FOR THE FUN OF IT. \$ 3.	00
1	í		1		STALLION ROAD \$ 1.	
- }	i	NATIONAL SECURITY AND	,			
		THE GENERAL STAFF\$ 5.00	1	í	STILL TIME TO DIE 1.	
4		NAVAL CUSTOMS.	1		SURPRISE	EA
4	8	TRADITIONS AND USAGE.S 2.20	-	í	TALES OF THE SOUTH	30
)			,	PACIFIC \$ 3.	00
1		NEW ORLEANS WOMAN \$ 2.75			THE AERODROME \$ 2.	
		NEW STORIES FOR MEN\$ 1.49	1		THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH \$ 3.	
	í		-	1	THE ART OF WAR ON LAND.S 2.	50
ì	,	NOVELS OF MYSTERY FROM	ì		THE ASSAULT \$ 2.	
	,	THE VICTORIAN AGE \$ 3.95	ì		THE BATTLE FOR LEYTE	30
4	1	OF HUMAN BONDAGE\$ 1.49	,	,	GULF \$ 2.	75
i		175 BATTLES \$ 2.50	1	1	THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE \$ 1.	
-	í	ON TO WESTWARD \$ 3.00	ì	í	THE BLACK ROSE \$ 1.	40
-	í	OPERATION CROSSROADS \$ 2.00	i	í	THE BLUE DANUBE \$ 1.	00
i	í			í	THE BLUE GHOST \$ 3.	75
i)	OPERATION OF AIRCRAFT	i	1	THE BLUE JACKET'S	
		ENGINES \$ 1.00			MANUAL \$ 2.	00
	1	ORDEAL OF THE UNION	. (1	THE BOSTON RED SOX \$ 3.	
		(2 VOLS.)\$10.00	(THE BOSTON BRAVES \$ 3.	
-)	OUR FLYING NAVY \$ 3.75			THE BOUNTY TRILOGY \$ 1.	
-	1	OUTDOOR'S GUIDE \$ 2.00			THE BROOKLYN DODGERS \$ 2.	
()	OUTLINE OF THE WORLD'S	,			/3
		MILITARY HISTORY \$ 3.50		8	THE CADENCE SYSTEM OF	
()	OVERDUE AND PRESUMED			TEACHING CLOSE ORDER	
		LOST\$ 2.75			DRILL \$ 0.	
()	PARRIS MITCHELL OF KINGS			THE CHEROKEE STRIP \$ 3.	
		ROW\$ 3.00			THE CHICAGO BEARS \$ 3.0	
()	PASSING BY 3.00	()	THE CHICAGO CUBS \$ 3.0	00
()	PATTON AND HIS THIRD	()	THE CINCINNATI REDS \$ 3.0	00
		ARMY\$ 3.50	()	THE COASTWATCHERS \$ 3.1	50
-)	PAVILION OF WOMEN \$ 3.00	-)	THE COLLECTED SHORT	
()	PELELIU LANDING \$ 2.00			STORIES OF DOROTHY	
i)	The state of the s			PARKER \$ 1.2	25
		SHOOTING \$ 2.49	()	THE DETROIT TIGERS \$ 3.0	
-	1	PRACTICAL	-)	THE EGG AND 1 \$ 2.7	75
*		MARKSMANSHIP \$ 2.50	i	1		
ſ)		i	1		Bankler.
-	í		1	1		-
			-	3		-
		PRINCIPLES OF WAR\$ 1.50		1		-
1	3	PROCEED AT WILL \$ 2.75	-	1		_

EFFECTIVE WITH THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE



STOP! at the PX on the first of the month for your NEW LEATHERNECK!

LOOK! for the Football Round-up, Rifle Match Results and the Lejeune Post of the Corps story!

LISTEN! ... Here's the tip-off! There may be a COPY SHORTAGE at your PX—get your LEATHERNECK EARLY!



